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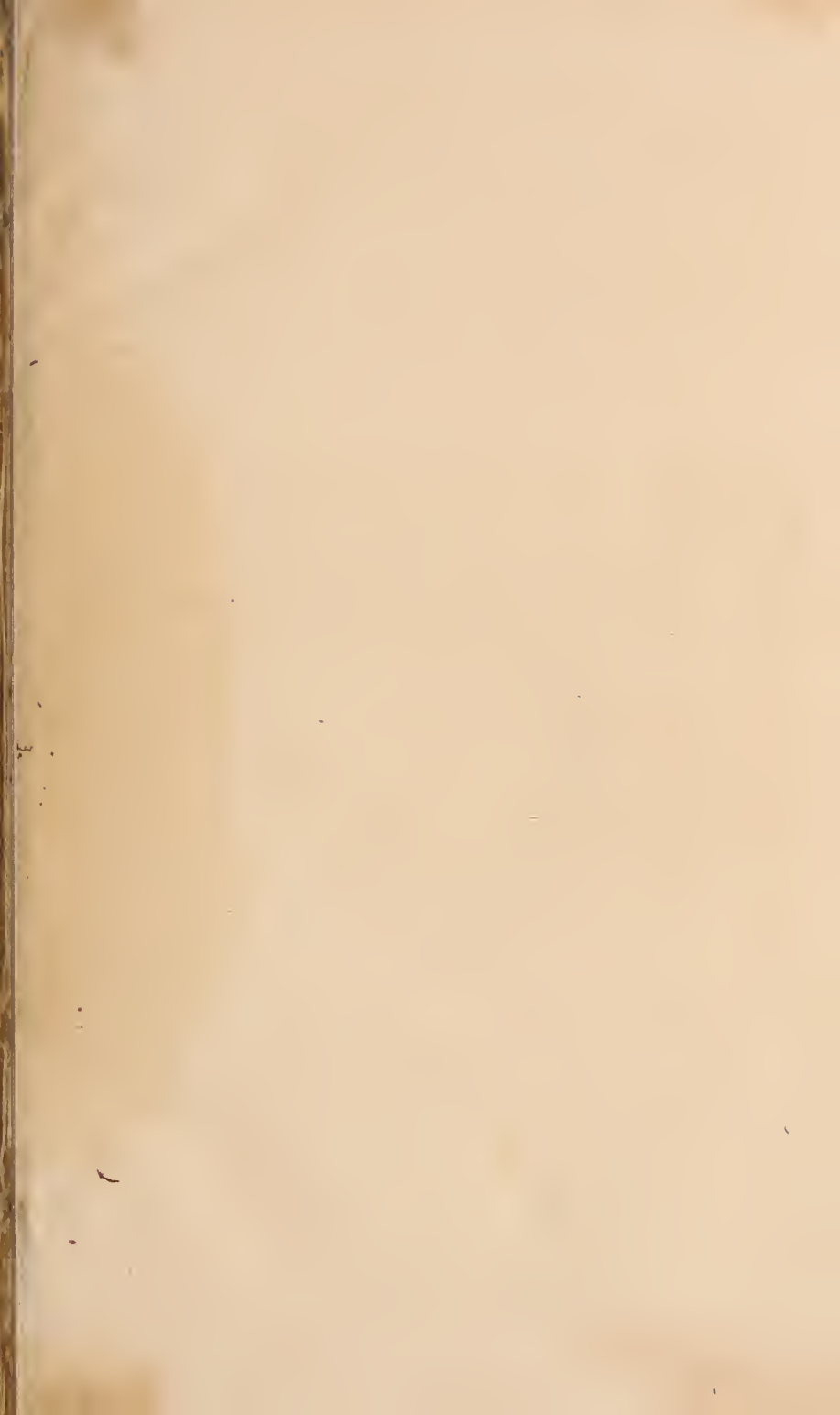
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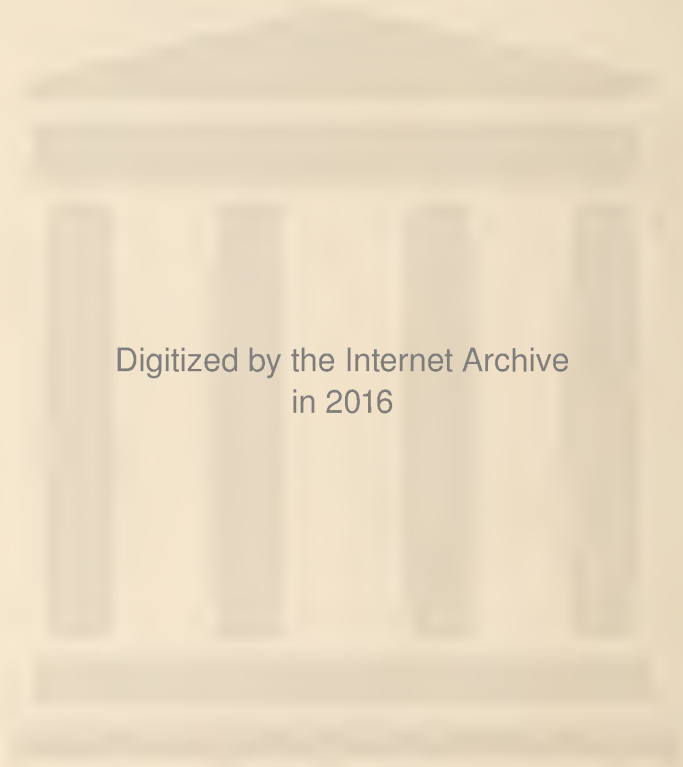
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VOL. XVIII.—MARCH, 1849. No. 3.

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ART. I. *Théâtre Chinois, ou Choix de Pièces de Théâtre composées sous les empereurs Mongols. Traduites pour la première fois par M. Bazin aîné.* Paris, à l'Imprimerie Royale, 1838. pp. 409.

THE labors of French sinologues in the wide range of Chinese literature are worthy of high praise, and contrast strongly with the meagre efforts of English and American scholars in the same field; when too, the commerce of France with China, and its citizens resorting here, are so small and few in comparison with that of the other two nations. This attention has been owing in great measure to the fostering aid of the French government from the days of Louis XIV., and the facilities which the rich collection of Chinese books now in the Bibliothèque Royale still afford to the prosecution of these studies. The existence of such a collection in a literary city like Paris naturally suggests the wish to know something of its contents, and the example of a few enterprising scholars, like Fourmont, Rémusat, and St. Martin, has inspirited others to emulate their energy, correct their mistakes, and extend the bounds of knowledge still farther into these little known regions.

The work here quoted is an instance of the results of this laudable and pacific ambition to excel in the republic of letters, and we are much indebted to the amiable and learned author for the pleasure he has afforded us by his *Théâtre Chinois*. The value of the work is enhanced by the Introduction, in which M. Bazin has entered into a history of the Chinese drama, and collected much curious information;

regarding its rise, and upon the conduct of dramatic amusements among this people. From his remarks it appears that during the reign, and under the patronage of Hiuentung of the T'áng dynasty, about A. D. 720, plays, with persons performing the various musical and scenic parts, were first exhibited in the palace for the entertainment of the emperor and his court. Hiuentung devoted much attention to the ordering of the musicians, and the arrangement of the interludes; and called in the aid of scholars, artists, and players, to assist him in composing dramas, and getting up their exhibition upon the stage. These performances were altogether different from the religious games and music of the ancient emperors, which at first were merely ballets and dancing, but which had gradually become so exceedingly licentious and demoralizing, as to call for punishment. The troubles which succeeded the downfall of the T'áng dynasty afforded little encouragement to scholars or actors; and it was not until the eleventh century, under the encouragement of the house of Sung, and its successor, the Mongol or Yuen dynasty, that the drama in China attained its highest renown.

The collection from which M. Bazin has selected the four plays contained in this volume, is the *Yuen-jin tsáh kih Peh Chung* 元人雜劇白種 the Hundred Plays of Yuen, from which five pieces have already been introduced to the knowledge of western scholars, viz. The Orphan of Chau; Heir in Old Age; Sorrows of Hán; Circle of Chalk; and Intrigues of a Waiting-maid, the last of which is also embodied in this collection, having been previously translated by M. Bazin. He has given us a list of eighty-one dramatic authors and four authoresses, who flourished during the Yuen dynasty, and together wrote 460 plays; one of whom published no fewer than sixty. The great aim of these writers was to improve their hearers by showing the just punishments which would surely overtake the wicked at last, and that integrity, filial duty, and industry, eventually brought honors and rewards upon their adherents. An exhibition of the triumph of virtue and the disgrace of vice almost uniformly close their pieces; and however little effect these moral dramas have had upon the manners of the Chinese people, it is something in praise of dramatic writers in such a country as this, not to pander to the passions of their countrymen.

In the Chinese plays, one of the principal personages is generally represented as giving utterance to moral sentiments, as is done in a formal manner by Ch'ng in the piece we have selected. On this feature of the Chinese theatre, M. Bazin remarks, "It is not enough



for the Chinese to have proposed *moral utility* as the object of dramatic representations, they have also contrived a means of attaining it, by making it the part of the person who chants. This personage who chants in a lyric, metaphoric, and rather pompous language, and whose voice is sustained by the orchestra, holds an intermediate position between the poet and the audience, something like the choir of the ancient Greek theatre, but with this difference that he joins in the action. He is usually the hero of the piece, and, whenever events occur, or catastrophes break in upon the scene, stops the acting to move the feelings and call forth the tears of the spectators by his chanting. If he dies during the play, the part is taken up by some other personage. He not only chants, but it belongs to his character to cite the maxims of sages, the precepts of philosophers, and examples of history and religion. By this contrivance, the Chinese realized in the twelfth century the precept of Lope de Vega given centuries after in his treatise on the new dramatic art."

After speaking of the variety of verses which the introduction of this personage allows the writer to put in his mouth without violating the proprieties of the play, M. Bazin describes the division into acts and scenes, in which Chinese dramas resemble European. "Each piece regularly consists of four *chéh* 折 or acts, and sometimes a *sieh tsz'* 楔子 or overture at the beginning. The *sieh tsz'* is properly an introduction or prologue, in which the principal personages come forward to declare their names, to exhibit the argument of the story, or relate some prior events of interest to the audience. In the pieces of the Yuen dynasty, this prologue is in dialogue, sometimes having stanzas intermixed; but in the Táng dynasty, it was recited by an actor called the Introducer of the play, somewhat like the prologues of Plautus. When a piece consists of a prologue and four acts, the exposé is given in the *sieh tsz'*, and the plot gets involved in the first act; when the latter is omitted, the first contains the prologue, and the plot thickens in the second act, and is continued into the third, the denouément and retribution upon the unconscious criminals completing the fourth. The scenes are not distinguished from each other as with us, but the entry and exit of each personage is denoted by the word *sháng*, 'he goes in,' and *hiá*, 'he descends;' the phrase *pei yun* 背云 i. e. 'backward speaking,' denotes *talking aside*. The prologue and first three acts are strictly joined together, but the unravelment is separated and less regular, being arranged by special rules, a separation which is regarded as necessary to develop the moral lesson on which every drama depends."

These remarks will serve to introduce the drama we have selected from the four contained in the Théâtre Chinois; it is called the Compared Tunic, and was written by Cháng Kwohpin, a clever woman of the 13th century. The chief objects of the play are to enforce the practice of filial piety, and show the detection and punishment of a villain; subordinate to this are seen the rewards of assisting the poor, and the oversight which superior powers take of the good and merciful.

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## THE COMPARED TUNIC.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

相 國 寺 公 孫 合 汗 衫  
*Siáng-kwoh sz' kung-sun hoh háu sháu.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

{ CHANG Y, a rich landholder.  
 CHAU, his wife.  
 CHANG HIAUYU, their son.  
 LI YU-NGO, wife of Hiauyü.  
 CHINPAU, son of the two last.  
 HING, a domestic of Cháng Y.  
 CHIN HU, adopted son of Cháng and Chau.  
 CHAU HINGSUN.  
 A waiting boy in a tavern.  
 The abbot of a Buddhist monastery.  
 The steward of the monastery.  
 Priests.  
 LAI, a boy.  
 Bowmen under the orders of Chau Hingsun.  
 LI CHANG, judge at Súchau.  
 Lictors and policemen in his suite.

### ACT FIRST.

#### SCENE I.

(*In the house of Cháng.*)

CHANG AND HIS WIFE, HIAUYU AND HIS WIFE, AND HING.

*Cháng.* My family name is Cháng, my name Y', and my style is Wan-siú, or Literary Flower. My native country is Nanking. My family consist of four persons, myself, my wife Chau, my son Hiauyü and his young wife Lí Yü. In Bamboo-twig alley, where I live, near Máhing street, I have opened a pawnbroker's shop, with the sign of a Golden Lion. This is the reason why everybody calls me Cháng, the chief of the Golden Lion. Now, the winter is just setting in, the snow falls in large flakes, and everywhere drifts and covers the ground. My son is in a room above, adjoining the window, and has

prepared a table, and says I and my wife must go up and enjoy with him the sight of the falling snow, and take some cups of wine.

*(He and his wife go up.)*

*Chau.* The lustrous whiteness of this snow is the emblem of purity, I can not doubt but that it is a presage of happiness for the state.

*Hianyü, perceiving his father.* My father, my mother, see here; the azure tint of this snow is well worth looking at. While looking up and down the street from this verandah, I have prepared a cup. Come, my parents, enjoy this charming sight. Bring the wine, Hing.

*Hing.* Here it is.

*Hiauyü, presenting a stoup of wine.* My father, I beg you to take a cup of wine.

*Cháng.* These thick snow flakes, my son, are truly very beautiful, *(He sings)* The clouds, like ruddy vapors, extend and group themselves on all sides; the large flakes whirl about in the air; the north wind blows violently; the sight loses itself in the silvery horizon. Who would be able, at such a time, to meditate calmly when on his horse, as Ming Hiaujen did? \*

*Hiauyü.* This snow, which comes so opportunely, is a happy presage; it affords us a pleasant prospect for winter.

*Cháng. (He sings)* We are now just at the commencement of the cold weather, and so you say the winter is here; well, on my part, I maintain it is spring.

*Hiauyü.* But, father, it is autumn now. How can you take this to be spring?

*Cháng. (He sings)* If it were otherwise, how could the blossoms of the pear, petal after petal, fall as they do? How could the flowers of the willow fly about so in eddies? The pear blossoms heap themselves up and form a silvery ground; the willow flowers raise themselves to heaven like a waving tiara, and fall again to the earth. I have before my eyes a delightful prospect, it is the most fortunate moment of my life; draperies of embroidered silk are suspended for me, a rich carpet of flowers is spread beneath my feet; I am served to the full with delicate viands placed on dishes of gold; goblets of silver are handed me full of delicious wine. Though in reality, I am only a plebeian, a simple citizen of the Phenix city, yet for all that, I seem to swim in luxury, and my robe to be ornamented with dragons.

*Hiauyü.* Bring the wine; drink another cup, father, mother.

*Cháng.* From this high verandah, I can look along the whole street. I see a confused multitude of men in the market-place, coming and going, or stopping; I hear their tumultuous cries. Let us stay quietly in this little chamber, and leisurely drain a few cups of wine.

\* A Chinese poet who meditated and composed verses while riding

## SCENE II.

*(An inn in the street Máking.)*

A WAITING BOY AND CHIN HU.

*Waiting-boy.* I am a waiter in the inn. I have taken a young man, a stranger, into the house, who owes for his expenses here, and has not yet paid anything. Since my master has been scolding me, I have a good mind to go to this traveler, and turn him out of doors. What's to hinder? *(He calls Chin Hú.)* Hallo! Sir, step out of your room, and come here.

*Chin Hú.* My friend, what do you want of me? I know very well I owe you something for my lodging and food, which I have not yet paid you . . . . .

*Waiting-boy.* It's very well to talk about money! It is not for that I am calling you. There's one of your relations here who is asking for you . . . . .

*Chin Hú.* Do't make sport of me.

*Waiting-boy.* I am not making fun of you. I open . . . . I'm only opening the door . . . . .

*Chin Hú.* Who is able to brave such a wind and snow-storm to-day!

*Waiting-boy, pushing him out.* Get out of here; go!—Let us bolt the door. It's a fact the wind blows hard, and the snow falls fast. Whew! if he dies of cold and hunger, so much the worse, but that's none of my business.

*Chin Hú, in the street.* Boy, open the door for me! I know I owe you for my expenses, but the elements are let loose to-day. If you drive me away from your house, I shall perish with cold.

*(He cries)* Boy! Boy! How can you be so hardhearted! The cold seizes me, my limbs are all benumbed; I have no food to recruit my exhausted strength, and you care nothing at all for the evils caused by your inhuman conduct.—What shall I do? I see somebody in the verandah up there; if it were only a kindhearted man! I will sing the Lotus Flower, and then ask him for something to eat.

*(He sings)* When the spring is passed, another spring comes after it:  
The blossom of the lotus . . . . .

*(He speaks)* Look, the earth turns, the sky whirls round, and I am falling . . . . . *(He falls along on a snowdrift.)*

## SCENE III.

CHINHU, CHANG, AND OTHER INMATES OF HIS HOUSE.

*Cháng.* Look, my son, at that poor man at the foot of the house,

who has fallen down overcome with the cold. He is worthy of pity ! Bring him in, my son, supporting him by his arms. If you can save his life, you will have performed a secret work of merit.

*Hiauyü.* I obey. (*He goes down.*) See this unfortunate man ! He has indeed fallen down benumbed by the cold. (*To Hing*) Let us take him upstairs on our arms. (*The two carry him up.*)

*Cháng.* Bring some coals here to rekindle the fire.

*Hiauyü.* Most willingly.

*Cháng.* Bring some warm wine, and let us make him drink a little.

*Hiauyü.* Here, my friend, take a small cup of warm wine.

*Chin Hú, drinking.* How good this wine seems to me !

*Cháng.* Make him drink another cup.

*Hiauyü.* Drink another.

*Chin Hú.* What good wine ! what good wine ! I'll take another cup.

*Cháng.* Well, my friend, where have you come from, that in this severe weather, we have found you stretched your length with your face in the snow ?

*Chin Hú.* This meeting has been to me like life from the dead.

*Cháng.* But what part of the country are you from ? What is your name and surname ? How is it that you have fallen quite stiff with the cold, on a snow bank ? Tell me the story of your misfortunes.

*Chin Hú.* I am originally from Ngánshán in the department of Súchau. My family name is Chin, my name is Hú. I came to these parts upon business, but the excessive cold, joined to the fatigues of the journey, have been too much for my strength. My money and stock of provisions all became exhausted. At last, without anything, I fell in debt to the innkeeper for my expenses for food and lodging during the last few days. The cruel man drove me forcibly away from his house. Frozen with cold, and fallen on a snow-bank, it was happily decreed that I should find myself before the threshold of your door. If it had not been for your generous hospitality and assistance, I should even now be dead.

*Cháng.* Poor man ! Who would not interest himself in his condition !

(*He sings*) I see the rags, sticking to each other, and hanging around his body : how unhappy is his lot ! I must get some cups of generous wine ready, and make him drink three bumpers.

My friend, from times of yore even till now, you are not the only one who has suffered from poverty.

*Hiauyü.* Who then, father, are the men of antiquity who have had misery for their heritage ?

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) I remember how Súsín before his elevation,\* fell into disgrace and poverty. However, the day came when he was able to hang a signet of gold to his girdle. Such is the instability of things in this world, that if we only turn our hand over, we shall see it rain; and see it snow, if we shut it. It is not strange, therefore, that worthy men find themselves the sport of ill luck.

Look at this man; the wheel of good fortune has not yet rolled up for him.

(*He sings*) Who would believe that in this world, there are beings so unfortunate that we should scarcely take them for men?

My son, go and find some clothes and a robe of wadded silk.

*Hiauyü, bringing the clothes.* Here is a robe of wadded silk.

*Cháng.* My friend,

(*He sings*) I give you these new garments; take them, and throw away your rags.

(*He speaks to his son.*) Bring me five taels of silver.

*Hiauyü.* Here they are.

*Cháng.* These taels of silver,

(*He sings*) I give them to you to buy food for your journey. You will shortly be able to leave this house.

*Chín Hú.* What, Sir! you have saved my life, and now give me so much money too! What acknowledgment shall I be able to make!

*Cháng.* This robe and this money,

(*He sings*) Will afford you much assistance for a while. Endeavor to recruit your strength.

*Chín Hú.* Thanks, a thousand thanks, for your generosity.

*Cháng.* Have courage and perseverance, my friend.

(*He sings*) One day we shall see either the tuft of your bonnet glittering on your martial front as a jet of flame; or the vast umbrella of state shadowing your head, and appearing afar like a shining cloud. Go, my friend, we shall soon see you ranking among the literati; for my part, I hope your merit will raise you to a post of eminence.

My son, help him down stairs.

*Chín Hú.* Venerable old man, I have given you no little trouble, but you have saved my life. It is a favor so great that I shall hope

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\* Súsín offered his services to the king of Tsia to assist in subduing the neighboring princes, but they were declined, as the king said all these kingdoms already acknowledged him as their master. On returning home, and seeing himself despised by his wife, his mother, and sister-in-law, because he was poor, he devoted himself to study with such ardor of application, that when he nodded through weariness he would punish himself by pricking his limbs with an awl. After three years' study, he went to the kingdom of Kiáu, from whence the fame of his talents induced invitations from five kingdoms. He became minister in each of them, and finally succeeded in combining them all against Tsia, and conquering that state. One day in the course of his journeys, he passed by his house without entering it, and his wife, mother, and sister-in-law came out to compliment him. "How is this," said he, "that you salute me now, when you laughed at me so before?" "Because you are now rich and noble," said they. "Ah!" said Súsín, "how hard it is to live in this world without power, honors, fortune, or rank;" and turned his back upon them. At his death, six states disputed for his body, and they cut it into six parts to divide among them.

to be grateful for it, when my mortal days are over, and enter into the body of an ass or a horse in order to serve you. (*He goes out.*)

*Hiauyü*, *conducting him*. The excellent young man! (*Apart*) Let me think. The business of the house, within as well as out of doors, occupies all my time. I have to go nearly all day long to make collections, and as I really need the assistance of some one to work with me, I have a great mind to acknowledge this young man as my brother. I hardly know what he would think of it, but let us ask him about it. (*To Chin Hú*) Tell me, my friend, how old are you?

*Chin Hú*. I am now twenty-five.

*Hiauyü*. I am the oldest by five years, being now thirty. I have a great inclination to acknowledge you as my brother. What would you think of such a proposition?

*Chin Hú*. Ah, Sir! be careful how you overwhelm an unfortunate man like me with sarcasms and railleries. Your remarks, Sir, distress me exceedingly.

*Hiauyü*. No, I never jeer any body in the world.

*Chin Hú*. Alas, Sir! you would do very wrong to acknowledge me as your brother, but if I were so, I would obey your orders with the blind obedience of a horse which fears the whip and spur. (*He salutes him.*)

*Hiauyü*. Be careful how you salute *Hiauyü*. My friend, your heart is frank, sensible, and disinterested. (*Apart*) I have not yet asked the consent of my parents; how can I then, without greatly wanting in propriety, adopt this young man as my brother? (*To Chin Hú*) My friend, it is necessary that I first inform my parents of my intention to adopt you before I do any thing; if they accede to the plan, it will be your crowning joy; if they disapprove it, I shall be able to get you some more provisions. Stay at the bottom of the hall, and wait a little for me.

(*He returns into the verandah, and sees Cháng.*) My parents, your son wishes to form a plan, but as he has not respectfully asked the advice of his father and mother, he can not presume to say whether it merits their approval.

*Cháng*. Speak out, my son, what is your plan?

*Hiauyü*. Just now, when accompanying this young man down, it occurred to me that the affairs of my office take up my whole time. I am obliged to go out from morning till evening to collect debts. I have consequently some need of assistance, and it is with reference to this want that I have taken the resolution of adopting this poor man for my younger brother. But I am ignorant, father, what your advice would be.

*Cháng*. Hear. The surname of this young man, if I remember aright, is Chin, 陳 and his name is Hú 虎, meaning the Tiger of Chin; a bad signification. This is one reason why you had better furnish him with a good supply of provisions, and let him return to his own country.

*Hiauyü*. This need be no obstacle to my plan, father; and I confess I have a great liking for this young man. He is so good.

*Cháng*. Very well, since a generous feeling prompts you to acknowledge him, tell him to come up.

*Hiauyü*. My father and mother, I thank you very much. (*He runs down to Chin Hú*) My brother, both my parents accord with my design of adoption. Come up and see them; they are waiting for you upstairs. (*They ascend*.)

*Cháng*. My friend, my son here wishes to acknowledge you for his younger brother; do you accept his proposal?

*Chin Hú*. I have said. I will be like a horse which takes the bridle, and obeys from fear of the whip and spur.

*Cháng to his son*. You hear him, he accepts your proposal.

*Hiauyü*. My brother, salute your parents. (*Chin Hú bows to them*) My respectable parents, if you will command your daughter-in-law to come out and see her brother . . . what say you?

*Cháng*. I am afraid such a step would not be altogether proper.

*Hiauyü*. It will not be very improper, father; and I feel such a lively affection for this good young man.

*Cháng*. Very well, let it be so, I consent. (*Lí Yü is introduced*.)

*Hiauyü, perceiving her*. My wife, come and see your brother. (*To Chin Hú*) My brother, this is your sister-in-law.

*Chin Hú, prostrating himself*. Accept my salutations, my sister.

*Lí Yü (apart)*. This sidelong look and glance make me think he is a villain.

*Chin Hú (apart)*. What a beautiful woman!

*Cháng*. My son, tell Chin Hú to go and change his clothes.

*Hiauyü*. Come with me, my brother, and put on a new dress.

(*Exit*.)

SCENE IV.

CHAU HINGSUN, ATTENDED BY A GUARD.

*Chau Hingsun*. My name is Chau Hingsun; I am originally from Ngánshán, in the department of Súchau. Engaged in trade for a living, I was lately in the main street, near the market-place, when I saw in the road, a young fellow striking an old man. Urged by a feeling of pity, I came up to the young man to remonstrate with him; but



he, regardless of my disinterested advice, would not desist from his wickedness. Resolved to uphold the cause of the oppressed, I then seized the young man with my whole strength, and struck him so rudely that he died on the spot. Arrested very soon after, as I ought to have expected, by the police, I was carried before the magistrate, who wished to punish me life for life. Happily for me, he was a president of the tribunal, and an upright judge. I owe my life to him. He only condemned me, as guilty of unpremeditated homicide, to receive sixty blows of the bamboo, and be exiled. Here I am, in this cold season, when the snow falls so heavy, made fast to a heavy cangue. No clothes on my body! No victuals in my stomach! (*To the guard*) Policeman, the owner of this house is doubtless a rich man; I wish to go and ask him for some soup or victuals. Walk slowly.

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SCENE V.

CHAU HINGSUN AND HIS GUARD; CHANG AND HIS FAMILY.

*Chau Hingsun to the guard.* We are at the foot of this verandah. (*He cries as a beggar*) Sir, I beg you to give me some food in charity.

*Cháng, perceiving him.* See this wretch below, wearing a cangue. The poor man! he deserves to be pitied; do you go and give him a little rice.

*Hiauyü.* Most gladly. I will go down and see him. (*He goes down*) Ho, there! Tell me what place you are from; what is your name and surname, and for what cause do you wear this cangue?

*Chau Hingsun.* My son, I am from Ngánshán. As I was attending to my trade, I found myself some time since, in the market-place, where a young rascal was beating an old man. Moved with indignation, I seized the fellow, and killed him with blows. Condemned soon after by the magistrate for homicide, he punished me with sixty blows of the bamboo, and then banished me.—Now, the snow falls from heaven, and as I am destitute of everything, without clothes or provisions, I come to beg of your father, I beg of you, Sir, to be charitable, and give me a little dish of broth, and some broken victuals.

*Hiauyü.* Now I know your case, wait here. (*He goes upstairs quickly.*) Father, I have asked him; it is a man going into banishment for having committed a murder.

*Cháng.* A murderer! But who knows whether the magistrate will not implicate me too in some mishap for having entertained this criminal; my house can not be made an asylum where one ought to invoke the protection of the god Fuh. But no matter, my son, let him come up into the verandah, and I will question him.

*Hiauyü*, calling *Chau Hingsun*, Halloo! you criminal, come up into the verandah. (*He comes up with the officer.*)

*Cháng* to *Chau Hingsun*. I wish to ask you, first, what is your native place, and your name; and then wish to know why you wear this cangue.

*Chau Hingsun*. My family name is Chau . . . . . (*He repeats his tale.*)

*Cháng*. Ah! Ah! my wife is also called Chau. Who knows but that, five hundred years ago, you and she had the same ancestors. My son, bring me ten taels of silver and a robe of wadded silk.

*Hiauyü*. Here they are, father.

*Chau*. My husband, Sir, begs you to accept these ten taels and this garment of wadded silk. On my part, what shall I give you? I have only these two gold hair pins; take them, and you can sell them and procure a little food for yourself.

*Chau Hingsun*. Sir and madam, accept my best thanks. But I can not leave the house without soliciting one other favor. May I ask what is your name and surname. I wish, as did the old man who knit the grass on the road,\* or as the young man who carried precious stones in his mouth,† to do all that I can to the end of my days to testify my sense of obligation for these favors.

*Cháng*. My friend, I am *Cháng*, the chief of the Golden Lion; my wife is named *Chau*, my son *Hiauyü*, and I have a daughter-in-law called *Lí Yü*. Can you remember all these names?

*Chau Hingsun*. You are *Cháng*, the chief of the Golden Lion, your wife is called *Chau*, your son *Hiauyü*, and your daughter-in-law, *Lí Yü*. These names, Sir, will remain engraved on my memory as on a marble tablet, and if I die before again seeing you, may the fates allow me to become, in my future life, either an ass or a horse to serve you with fidelity; if, however, I live, as long as I have breath, I shall remember your great kindness. (*He salutes them, and goes down.*)

\* In the year B. C. 822, *Hwán*, prince of *Ts'in*, attacked one of his neighbors and gave him battle in *Tú-shi*, and his general, *Tú Hwui*, was taken captive by *Wei Ko*, the opposing chief. Originally, *Wu Tsiéb*, the father of *Wei Ko*, had a concubine, whom, as he was at the point of death, he wished his son to marry. Being in his last agonies, he added, "I wish too, that she may lie with me in the tomb," and then expired. Obedient to his father's behests, he married her. Sometime after, *Wei Ko* was engaged in battle in *Tú-shi*, and saw an old man knitting the grass together across the road to stop *Tú Hwui*, who was pursuing him, whereby his feet became entangled, and he fell, so that *Wei Ko* had no trouble to make him prisoner. The next night, *Wei Ko* saw an old man in a dream who told him, "I am the father of the concubine whom you married, and I wished to reward you this way for having so faithfully obeyed the last wishes of your father." *Cercle de Craie*, page 111.

† *Yang Páu* of the *Hán* dynasty had a tender, merciful disposition. When nine years old, he was walking on the hill *Hwá*, and saw a little finch fall to the ground cruelly wounded by a hawk, and soon a swarm of ants gathered around it ready to eat it up. *Yang Páu* took it up, and made a nest of his cap for it, and carried it home, where he took care of it more than three months until it was perfectly healed. It flew out at morning, and returned at night, till one evening, it transformed itself into a young man, dressed in yellow, who presented *Yang Páu* four jade bracelets.—*Cercle de Craie*, p. 112.

*Chin Hú, running up.* Good! We two are here now. We never let ragged people into this house. Who are you?

*Chau Hingsun.* I am Chau Hingsun.

*Chin Hú.* Very well, do you know me?

*Chau Hingsun.* What is your name?

*Chin Hú.* I am the second son of the chief.

*Chau Hingsun, with surprise.* You, the second son of the chief!

*Chin Hú.* Stop, stop! Do'nt cry so loud. Did you get anything?

*Chau Hingsun.* The chief gave me ten taels of silver and a wadded silk robe; then his wife made me a present of two gold hair-pins to buy victuals withal.

*Chin Hú.* My father and mother are excessively selfish, and this is the reason they have given you these insignificant trifles; but let me have them, I will go and see them, and will bring you back something worth more, which you can use to buy food for your journey. Stop here below in the verandah, and wait for me.

*(He goes in and sees Cháng.)*

My father, I just met the criminal with a cangue on his neck at the foot of the house. How unlucky that you have given this man so many valuable things! How much better it would be to have made them a present to your adopted son, who would have taken these bills, and turned them into a productive capital. I ask you, would not this be preferable?

*Cháng.* My wife, what do you say to Chin Hú? These things belong to you as much as to me.

*Chin Hú.* Look at the lips of the man, how shrunk up! See his sunken cheeks! Very soon you would not be able, if you traced his footsteps, to find the least vestige of his existence. Below his eyebrows, do you not perceive, in place of eyes, only a dull and livid trace. The streak of famine is at the corners of his mouth, and a scurvy piece of silk scarcely covers his body. If the wretch does not perish with cold in your sight, he certainly will die of hunger before long.

*Cháng.* Stop!

*(He sings.)* You say that under his eyebrows, instead of eyes, one can only see a dull and livid trace; you say that the streak of famine is in the corners of his mouth, and that a scurvy piece of silk scarce covers his body. Was it not, only a little while since, that in the midst of a crowd of men and horses, I cast a compassionate look on Chin Hú? I followed then the impulses of my heart, which incited me to succor the unfortunate.

*Chin Hú.* Yes, but what a loss to give this fellow so many precious things! He is only come to your house to extort your money.

*Cháng.* I just now gave him these bills, and you, Chin Hú, have taken them from him by force or deceit. Those who understand the case will know that it was you who despoiled him of them; those who are not acquainted with the circumstances, will say, that Ching one day made a poor man a present of some bills, but that soon after he secretly sent a man to force them from him.

(*He sings*) Chin Hú, I speak to you in clear and plain language, yet you do not hear what I say.

Hiauyü!

(*He sings*) You have been deceived by a false appearance; it is a blindness, but a blindness.....

Now, my friends,

(*He sings*) This man is going to the place of his banishment, treated like a prisoner. His body is loaded with chains; hope no longer smiles on his plans. Soon some clods of dust will cover the roads, and then you will say, How did this man live in the world? During half his life, he was poor and lonely; he has repressed his cries, he has gulped down his wrath. When will he be able to requite one for the benefits which he has received? But turn your thoughts on yourself: where are your parents? Just now, like a fugitive ghost, you was flitting around the gates, and at the doors of houses; you was supplicating rich people with your tiresome babble, you was whining a ditty, "The spring is passed, the spring will come again." Chin Hú, look at the figure you make in my estimation.

Chin Hú, go and give this unfortunate man the things you took from him.

*Hiauyü.* My brother, why did you take these articles? I will go myself and give them to Chau Hingsun. (*He sees him*) Where have you been that you have not got some provisions?

*Chau Hingsun.* I just now met the younger son of the chief (*pointing to Chin Hú*), who took them from me by force.

*Hiauyü.* This young man whom you see is not the younger son of the chief. His surname is Chin, his name is Hú. He was stretched a few days ago, on a snow bank, his limbs stiff with cold. Having saved his life, I have adopted him for my younger brother. Do not scold him. Here are all the needs for your journey, take them and go on your way.

*Chau Hingsun thanks him, and looks at Chin Hú.* Ah! Chin Hú! It was you, then, so lately stretched on a snow bank, chilled with the cold, it was you who tried to deprive me of my notes and my garments. I have some benefactors and an enemy; my friends are Ching the chief and the members of his family, my enemy is Chin Hú. Very well;

remember that not long since, in full day, I had a fierce dispute; that with one hand I seized my adversary by the throat, who in his struggles tore my nostrils, while with the other I smote him dead with a single stroke. I deserved a severe punishment, and I still carry the dolorous marks of the bamboo on me. Chin Hú, take care of yourself, that we two do not chance to meet in the road, and dash against each other.

*(He goes with the guard.)*

*Cháng.* Wife, I just now had some little altercation with Chin Hú. As this young man may harbor some grudge against me in his heart, I must appease his murmurs by kind words. *(To Chin Hú)* My son, I reprimanded you, just now, in spite of myself; it was not willingly. If I had not held this severe language to you, this poor man would never have quitted the door of my house. Chin Hú, my son, ought you not to be careful of this man who hated his near relatives, and who had no resentment against his distant friends?

*Chin Hú.* All that I did arose from the care that I have naturally for your interests. I regretted that you had not given those bills to your adopted son who is so poor.

*Cháng (He sings)* Have you never heard it said, 'Do not forget to take your meals, be careful about cherishing rancor and enmity.' This man remembers a little offense, and forgets a great kindness; he is insensible to the sight of the miserable, and if nothing is able to move his heart, how can he respect old men? How can he pity the poor? He gives way to his anger, he uses violence to those like him, and forces their money from them.

Chin Hú, my son, history has preserved the memory of two celebrated men; imitate one of them, and take care not to walk in the steps of the other.

*Chin Hú.* Who is he, my father, I ought to imitate?

*Cháng (He sings)* Imitate the virtue of Lingché, who knew how to requite favors.

*Chin Hú.* And who is he whose example must be avoided?

*Cháng. (He sings)* Do not copy after Lungtsiuen who revenged his injuries. Be careful, ah! be careful, now you are in a happy position, of irritating persons in adversity. *(Exit.)*

*Hiauyü.* My brother, father has been remonstrating with you now; but do not be displeased.

*Chin Hú.* What father has said is perfectly proper. Let me go now and collect money.

*(He sings)* The chief is highly favored with the gifts of fortune, he has acknowledged me for his adopted son. Still my heart is not easy, for I hate Chau Hingsun. *(Exit.)*

## ACT SECOND.

## SCENE I.

*(In the house of Cháng.)*

HIAUYU.

There is still wanting something to my happiness. How soon sadness comes back into the heart of man! Since I have had Chin Hú as my adopted brother, an unexpected event has, for a while, added to my happiness; Lí Yü has become pregnant. But there is one source of disquiet; women ordinarily go ten moons with child, before birth, but mine has been enceinte eighteen without delivery. I am very unhappy!—Since Chin Hú has gone out to collect bills, I will go and seat myself in the shop to indulge my sad thoughts. *(Exit.)*

## SCENE II.

CHIN HU.

I am Chin Hú. Since nobody is here, I will speak. I once had certain amours which did not add much to my reputation, and the village headman said to me, “Chin Hú, you must quit the country.” “My venerable friend,” said I, “I will start immediately. If I do not prosper in my business, after all my efforts, I will not come back; if I do not find a wife, ruddy and sweet as a bouquet of fragrant flowers, I will not return.” Who would have thought that one day I should live in this place! No, for the excessive cold of the season, added to the fatigue from my weary journey, had exhausted my strength, and compelled me to consume all my scanty stock of provisions. The excellent people in this house loaded me with benefits and attentions. Money, food, clothing, they have grudged nothing, I have had every thing.—But my wishes are not yet satisfied: I have cast my eyes on my sister-in-law.—As I have finished the collections for this day, I will go and find my brother. *(Exit.)*

## SCENE III.

CHIN HU, HIAUYU, HING.

*Chin Hú.* Boy, is my brother in the house?*Hing.* He is in the shop, Sir.*Chin Hú, going in.* I have come to state the collections, my brother.*Hiauyü.* Have you eaten any thing?*Chin Hú.* I have eaten nothing to-day.*Hiauyü.* Go and take your rice then, my brother: as for me, I am overwhelmed with sadness.

*Chin Hí, going out.* Wait a little Chin Hí; my friend, think a moment.—With a little tact and observation, shall I not learn what fine plan, what little scheme is brewing against me? Usually, when I come in, my brother is highly pleased; I find him to-day, sad and downcast. Chin Hí, if you are a man possessed of spirit and sagacity, you must find out this secret. No doubt that the continual expense I cause them here, from morning till evening, for my care and maintenance, prejudices the interests of my brother. This is the cause of his sadness; he repines within himself, and regrets his unwise generosity. Come let us improve the present opportunity; I will go and take leave of my brother, and go off to see, in another country, if fortune will not be more favorable to me. What is there against it? (*He returns to Hiauyü.*) My brother, I think you are now deeply regretting your generosity to me; I wish to say that my full intention is to ask of your father a letter of recommendation. I have come to-day to take my leave of you before returning to Súchau.

*Hiauyü.* What are you talking about, my brother? It must be that some of the servants have been carrying you lying reports.

*Chin Hí.* Who would dare thus to sport with my credulity?

*Hiauyü.* Then, if no one has been prejudicing me against you, why do you wish to quit the house?

*Chin Hí.* A wise man is able to read physiognomies, my brother; formerly, when I came home, after making my collections, I found you happy and contented, joy was upon your face; now I see you are plunged in deep melancholy, I am fearful lest you suspect me of fraud or unfaithfulness in my accounts. Rather than inspire distrust, I think it would be better to return to my own province.

*Hiauyü.* Ah! my brother, you are unaware of the cause of the disquiet of my heart; and since we are alone, I will speak frankly to you. My wife Li Yü has been with child eighteen moons without being delivered; this strange event fills me with distress.

*Chin Hí.* If you had told this to me sooner, my sister-in-law had been long ago a mother.

*Hiauyü.* What do you mean? Explain yourself.

*Chin Hí.* Listen: at Súchau, in the temple of the god which presides over the mount Taishán,—a very powerful and very holy god he is—is found a ball of jade split in two equal halves. If a pregnant woman throws this ball on the ground, and the two parts present their convex faces upward, it is a sign she will bear a boy; if the flat faces are up, she will have a girl; but if on throwing them, one half is up and the other down, it is a sure sign she carries a demon. Add to

this consideration, my brother, that we shall be able to make some excellent speculations in that trading region, and can hardly fail to increase our funds tenfold.

*Hiauyü.* If that is the case, I think I will go with you, and throw this ball of jade.

*Chin Hú.* If I go there alone with you, it will not help the case. The woman must present herself in the temple, and throw the ball with her hand. The prediction will then be accomplished.

*Hiauyü.* Very well, I will go and speak to my father.

*Chin Hú.* Stop, stop! You know this matter, I know it, and my sister-in-law must know it; if a fourth person knows it, the whole affair will be ruined.

*Hiauyü.* You talk reasonably. I will go first and get a good stock of jewels, pearls, silver, and other precious things; I wish, then, to have my wife throw this ball of jade, after which we will go and trade.

(*Exit.*)

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SCENE IV.

CHANG, CHAU, AND HING.

*Hing to his Mistress.* Madam! Your son and daughter-in-law, doubtless, having listened to the perfidious suggestions of Chin Hú, have both of them run away.

*Chau, with surprise.* Why did you not tell me sooner! I must go and call my husband. (*She cries*) Husband! husband!

*Cháng, coming in quick.* What is the matter, wife?

*Chau.* The perfidious Chin Hú has carried your son and daughter off with him; all three are gone.

*Cháng.* Well, I had some presentiment from the first that something of this sort would happen to us. Let us both go in pursuit of them.

(*Cháng and his wife start to run off.*)

(*He sings.*) My eyes, red with anger, are confused and I can not see; my mouth opens only to curse. These two young people, with growing beards, and hair still soft and light colored, outrage the beard and gray locks of an old man. What! without putting yourself to any trouble, you despise the wise counsels of your parents, and do not fear to take flight. Here I am alone in the world, and Chau, my wife, this mother abandoned by her own children, mere shadow of herself; I am afraid that she will only become, in these places, the laughing stock of men, and the object of their bitter sarcasms. This is the reason why I hasten on so; I carry my traveling-bag myself, I lead her by the hand. From time to time we rest, when I soothe her sorrows by my attentions. Sometimes we go in a boat, and sometimes on horseback,



(*He changes his air.*) But while I am pouring out my griefs, they are far from this spot, carrying with them all my goods. My looks grow sadder and sadder. The river is broad, the mountain-peak loses itself in the distant clouds. Thus, in the middle of my sorrows, my journey is arrested by this vast expanse of waters, and by this circumscribed horizon shutting out all my prospect. (*He weeps.*)

How could this scoundrel have been able to accomplish this thing? Ah! my son, your conduct covers me with confusion.

*Chau.* Hiauyü has taken Lí Yu with him; I think he has carried off considerable money to trade with.

*Cháng* (*He sings.*) He has doubtless taken many articles of great value. Did he not also have many bills of exchange?

(*He sings.*) O heaven! how could this young man have contrived to hurry away his wife with him? Such blameable conduct covers him with shame. My son, there is now no more pleasure, no more enjoyment for your old father or your aged mother. Ah! my heart is full of vexation. If you leave those who have drunk water with you from the same well, if you forsake your native village, who will offer us wine, who will prepare our tea?

*Chau.* My husband, I wish to run with you to find our children.

(*They resume their journey.*)

*Cháng.* We are here on the steep and sandy banks of the Yellow river, from whence we can see an immense number of boats. I mean to stop in this place to seek my son. (*To Chau*) Seat yourself here, my wife. If Hiauyü has not embarked to-day, we will remain here the whole day and wait for him; if he does not embark to-morrow, we will wait to-morrow in the same spot. Oh! I wish to rouse the populace against him, I wish to have them injure him, I wish they would take his life in the punishment they give him.

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SCENE V.

CHANG AND HIS WIFE, HIAUYU AND HIS WIFE.

*Hiauyü.* Heavens! if here are not my father and mother!

*Chau.* My two children have come! Ah! my heart will break.

*Cháng.* Your conduct has almost killed me with grief.

(*He sings*) Alas! my dear son, my dear daughter, my wandering looks did not recognize you. It had been better for me never to have brought you up.

*Hiauyü.* Do n't causelessly afflict yourselves, my parents. I only intended to go to the temple to throw the ball of jade, and then return.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) To throw a ball of jade! What man is he, who, by his specious talk, has so wrought upon your credulity? What! without any good reason, you have quit our house, you have forsaken your father

and mother borne down by age, and, far from thinking how you shall bring them some pleasure, how you shall add to their happiness by your presence, you go off to interrogate heaven, and buy lying divinations with money.

*Lí Yü.* My parents, as soon as we have thrown the ball of jade, we intend to return instantly.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) Stop! how could it be that my daughter had no more wit and penetration.

(*To Chau*) Ask your daughter a question, my wife; where is she going, and what is this ball of jade of which she speaks so much?

*Chau.* Where are you going, my daughter, with my son? What is this ball of jade you mean to throw?

*Lí Yü.* These few days past, Chin Hú told Hiauyü, who was surprised that, I, having been pregnant eighteen moons, was not delivered, that at Súchau, his native city, in the temple of the god which presides over the mount Táishán, was a ball of jade divided in two; and that if the pregnant woman should herself throw this ball upon the ground, and its flat and convex faces turn up or down, according to their position, she would know her fate. This is why my husband and I are going to throw the ball of jade.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) After hearing this, Chin Hú must be regarded as no other than an arrant impostor! My son, you are a man of sagacity and sense; how can you lend an ear to such specious and insidious words? Hear me: I will cut out paper horses for you of all kinds, and burn them with paper money.

*Hiauyü.* We should put confidence in the creative power of the dual principles *yin* and *yáng*.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) Take care my son of putting faith in the creative power of the *yin* and *yáng*; be cautious how you address your prayers to the deity on Táishán.

My daughter, come back with us.

(*He sings*) What does the god who presides on the mount Táishán care for the infant in your womb? I only am sure of one thing; when we sow rice, we get rice; hemp grows from hemp. I am a man who has accumulated some virtue. My daughter, the net of heaven is vast, and does not permit the wicked to escape, while the words you are about to speak violate propriety.

*Hiauyü.* Chin Hú tells me the god who rules the mount Táishán is a powerful and friendly deity; I wish to go and throw the ball of jade, and then I will hasten my return to my parents.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) Be careful how you listen to all his silly speeches; remember that it is a crafty man who is exercising against you all the perfidy of his tongue.

*Hiauyü.* Whatever may happen, father, I must go. If you do not let your son go to this temple, I will take this knife from my girdle, and take away my life.

*Chau.* How can you have so hard a heart as to forsake us, my son?  
(*See sighs.*)

*Cháng.* Since my children are determined to go, I can only repeat the common saying: "When the heart is away, it is very difficult for the remembrance to remain; rancor and ill will are all that are left." My wife, ask your son if he has a garment of which I can take half with me.

*Chau to Lí Yü.* My daughter, has Hiauyü any garment which he wears next his skin? We want half of it.

*Lí Yü.* All our baggage is gone, mother; I have only one tunic of Hiauyü's.

*Chau.* Their baggage has left; my daughter has only this tunic.

*Cháng.* If it belongs to Hiauyü, cut it in two equal parts down the seam on the back.

*Chau.* I have a knife in my girdle. I will cut it.

*Cháng.* Take this half my children, and I and my wife will keep the other half. You may wish to know what is the reason of all this; it is, that I am afraid that in six months or perhaps a year, my two children will not return. Then, when you think of us, and look at this tunic, it may seem to you as if you saw your parents; we, when led to remember you, will do so with a pained brow and flushed face, and it will be as if seeing you when we look at this tunic. Give me your hand, my son.

*Hiauyü.* Here. (*Cháng bites it.*) You hurt me much, father, in biting my hand.

*Cháng.* Why do you speak of suffering?

*Hiauyü.* But if you bite my hand, how can I help suffering?

*Cháng.* I bite it a little, and you say you suffer. Think then of your father and mother, who have reared you from childhood; and now, when you are grown and can take care of yourself, you abandon them. You say you suffer: how much more do we suffer!

*Chau.* Let us carry home this piece of tunic; when looking at it, we can imagine we see our son himself.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) Take this half a tunic, and fold it up. There is a spot of blood on it you must wash out. Do not tell the world we have generally found the lotus flowers. But now having no relations in our house, if, perchance, we go down to the Yellow Fountains, we will have this part of the tunic put in a casket and placed in our tomb. Let your tears flow, my wife; cover yourself with garments of mourning.

*Chin Hú*, coming up to *Hiauyü*. O heavens! look there! Is it not a fire which shines so? Let us go aboard instantly.

*Hiauyü*. Yes, yes, let us take this boat; hurry! hurry!

*(The three go off in the boat)*

*Cháng*. My son is gone; I shall die for grief.

*(He sings.)* My valuables and effects will be engulfed in the water.

Relatives far off, the sons gone, the fathers have no other resource than the cord they hold in their hands. I see now, before the door of the convent, the inmates quarreling and beating each other—Alas, my wife! I understand neither their invocations nor their tumultuous cries.

Look there, where do those clouds of smoke and flames arise from?

*(A cry is heard within,*

*"The fire has taken the house of the chief Cháng.")*

*Chau*. What does that cry mean, husband?

*Cháng*. See this great fire!

*(He sings.)* Ah, me! I hear a voice crying, "The fire burns the house of the chief Cháng." I am terror-struck, I can not stir; I am like a man demented. At this moment, the horsemen and guardsmen are ranged along the main street; have I not reason to be terrified?

*Chau*. I see this horrible fire; the clouds of flame and smoke mount to the heavens; our house crumbles and sinks in a flood of fire. Where shall we find any means of living now?

*Cháng. (He sings.)* The roaring winds urge on the flames, which so much the sooner mount and whirl in eddying clouds to the sky, and so much the quicker spread in torrents over the roofs in the great street. Men ranged in double lines hold chains of iron, buckets of water, poles, and hempen cords.

*(He hears voices crying,*

*"Let us seize the man whose house caught fire!")*

Just now I hear an inspector crying aloud, "Halloo! seize the owner, bring him here!" See, they carry off the vases of copper. Alas! how could it have been that my fine house should be so soon reduced to ashes; there is neither tile nor rafter left.

*(He sings another air.)*

I see the inhabitants of the neighboring houses beating each other, and making a confused turmoil; everybody runs to make the line to put out the fire; I see stately edifices, which reached to heaven, fall with a crash under the efforts of the troops. Ah! no more show of their rich furniture; in my opinion, this empty abundance is only a deceitful illusion. It is in vain they hasten, that they join their strength, they can not stop the fire, they will not be able to arrest the flames. Heaven means to punish all these proud and rich men, who but a little while ago, looked upon me with disdain; now I pity their misfortunes. I think, too, that the house of Cháng was also over rich and prosperous, and that it has all come to nothing, scarcely a finger-full of rubbish remaining. Ah! I shall die of mortification and chagrin.

*Chau.* Our house, our furniture, our effects, my husband, are now in ashes. I can never bear up under my misfortunes.

*Cháng.* Truly so, the fire has burned the house and all in it. Ah, Hiauyü! he saw this frightful fire; he saw it, and never cared the least for it.

*(He weeps and sings.)* O my son! I have reared you from your mother's womb, and now, when you are grown up, you forsake us! We vainly hoped to have finished our days peaceably in our own house.

*Chau.* Where are you going to live now?

*Cháng.* Alas! where do you wish we should go and live? I know only one little street where we can beg. Can you make a plaintive cry?

*Chau.* What plaintive tone?

*Cháng.* Have you never heard, then, my wife, sometimes the mournful cry of mendicants seeking to excite compassion? Well, I'll teach you their cry. Hear me, "*Sir! Madam!*" You must imitate this cry.

*(He sings.)* You can not fail to have heard the mournful tones in the alleys and streets, *yé-yé! má-má!* *(Exeunt.)*

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### ACT THIRD.

#### SCENE I.

*(In the house of Chin Hú.)*

#### CHIN HU.

I am Chin Hú. It was I, when smitten with a violent passion for Lí Yü, who would not listen to my suit, who took advantage one day, when we were crossing the Yellow river, to relieve myself of her husband. Lí Yü wished to wear mourning for three years. "Three years!" said I to her, "I can not wait even three days." "Since you can not wait three years," replied she, "you must wait at least till I am delivered: I do not ask anything else than to reciprocate your fondness, but as I am at present, you must wait." Fortune favored me, for within three days after we arrived, Lí Yü gave birth to a boy. Her son, now eighteen years old, is a young man of fine address, and while he helps me much by his force and agility, I still have a great dislike to him. When I beat him (which is not unfrequently), I leave him half dead with my blows, but I wish that the fellow would die, or never come to life again. But to sum up the matter, what is to prevent my carrying out my plans immediately? It is truly said, if you extirpate the roots, the plant will throw out no suckers. The fate of this lad is in my keeping, but as his mother has given me some bills, I will go and have a carouse with my comrades. *(Exit.)*

## SCENE II.

CHIN PAU, LAI.

*Chin Pau.* My family name is Chin; I am eighteen years old. By my skill and agility, I take the lead of all my companions. There is not one of the eighteen military exercises which I have not perfectly mastered; every day I go to the mountains with my bow and arrow to hunt wild animals. This day, while I was engaged in the sport as usual, and was taking up my weapons, all at once behind the hills I saw a bull, which at a distance looked like a wild beast. I seized my bow, put the arrow on the string, and let it fly whistling through the air at him. But when I went to take my game, I saw a boy running up whom I did not know, and who pretended that he had killed the bull. I must go and ask him. (*To Lai*) How did you kill this beast?

*Lai, ironically.* With one hand I took him by the horn, with the other by the tail, and bit him in the reins until he died; and you, to save yourself all this labor and trouble, fraudulently wish to deprive me of my prey. I must go home with you to explain this matter.

## SCENE III.

CHIN PAU, LAI, LÍ YÜ.

*Lai, striking the door.* Madam Chin.

*Lí Yü.* Who strikes on the threshold? We will open it quick. (*To Lai*) What are you doing here?

*Lai, embarrassed.* Madam, is that...it is that...with much trouble...with much labor and fatigue, I have killed a large animal, whose skin is worth many taels; I have come to inquire why your son wishes to deprive me of that which belongs to me.

*Lí Yü.* My son, carry him the skin of the beast.

*Lai to Chin Pau, menacingly.* Ah! Ah! if it was not for your mother, I'd make you see something fine! (*Exit.*)

*Lí Yü.* Chin Pau, come here, and get down on your knees. I have always told you to avoid quarrels, and on the contrary, you provoke them. If you drive me to beat you, remember that you'll be sorry for it.

*Chin Pau.* If you wish to punish me, mother, strike; be careful not to spare me.

*Lí Yü.* Well, then, stay on your knees. (*Apart.*) If I beat my son, and cause him to have a sore head and flushed face, who will revenge his father's death? (*Aloud.*) I will not punish you this time, Chin Pau; I forgive you:

*Chin Pau.* Strike, I beg you, mother. If you do not beat me, alas! you will tell my father, who will pummel me till I'm half dead.

*Lí Yü.* Very well, I'll neither tell your father nor punish you.

*Chin Pau.* I thank you very much, mother.

*Lí Yü.* Since you thoroughly know the eighteen military exercises, my son, why do you not go to the capital?

*Chin Pau.* I have long wanted to go, but how can I take such a long journey without some funds?

*Lí Yü.* Since you would like to visit the capital to enter the military examinations, I will give you some money and two gold hair-pins, with which you can buy provisions and pay your expenses.

*Chin Pau.* It is a lucky day to-day, and good weather; I'll take leave of you, mother, and start. *(He bids her adieu.)*

*Lí Yü.* Remember one thing, Chin Pau. If you reach the capital, inquire concerning Cháng, the chief of the Golden Lion, and his wife; they live in Bamboo-twig alley, near the street Máhing; and if you find these two old people, you must bring them here.

*Chin Pau.* What relation am I to these old people?

*Lí Yü.* You need not ask what relation you are; they are some old relatives.

*Chin Pau.* The directions you have given me will remain in my heart, mother, and never be forgotten. I am now going.

*Lí Yü.* Come back again. If you see these two old people, bring them here with you.

*Chin Pau.* I will carefully remember it; I am going.

*Lí Yü.* Come back once more.

*Chin Pau.* If you have any advice to give me, do it soon, so that I may go.

*Lí Yü.* I want to give you a silk cap of great value; if you meet these two old people, you can give it to them, and then they will not fail to know that I am a mother.

*Chin Pau.* I'll carefully execute your wishes. *(He starts.)*

*Lí Yü.* My son is gone; may heaven grant his speedy return, attended by a numerous suite: my eyes even now see the banners of his retinue, my ears hear the sound of the good news! *(Exit.)*

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SCENE IV.

*(In a Buddhist Monastery.)*

THE ABBOT.

*(Reciting a verse)* The religious in the neighboring temple are not sour and austere people; in ancient times the priests, faithful observers of the

doctrines of Budha, loved to read the sacred books. How is it that men who have embraced a monastic profession do not fulfill the duties it imposes?

I am the abbot of the monastery of the minister of state. His excellency Chin himself has made this great meeting, for which our halls are not spacious enough; the senior wrangler in the new promotion wishes to make a present to each person of some money and food. I have made everything ready, and I think his excellency will be here from one moment to another.

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SCENE V.

ABBOT, CHIN PAU, FOLLOWED BY THE STEWARD.

*Chin Pau.* I am Chin Pau. I entered the trials at the last military examination, and as my three arrows all hit the mark, I have obtained, in the military rank, the high title of *Chwáng-yuen* or senior wrangler, and a commission as criminal judge in my native province. I remember my mother told me to inquire in the Bamboo-twig alley, near the street Máhing, for Cháng, the chief of the Golden Lion, and his wife; I must make search for these old people. But since I find myself to-day in the monastery of the minister of state, I will offer a sacrifice and distribute alms to the poor. I have already sent some bills to the abbot that he may prepare a holocaust offering. The holy man is gone to buy incense, and I think he will be here soon. (*He sees him*) Venerable priest, I thank you a thousand times.

*Abbot.* I invite your excellency to take some vegetables.

*Chin Pau.* I have no need of eating any vegetables. Keep them, and if any unfortunate or poor persons come to you, good Sir, give them these dishes as alms on my behalf.

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SCENE VI.

CHANG AND CHAU, AND A PRIEST.

*Cháng.* Let us ask alms, let us beg charity! Who would not pity an unfortunate man, whose house and fine furniture, and all his effects have been reduced to ashes by the fire of heaven. We can no longer reckon on the affectionate care of our children. Every resource has failed. I remember that in the great street in the market-place there lives a rich man who gives to the poor; let us go and see him; he will give us some food, if we will recite some prayers for him.

(*He sings.*) I go to importune him with my clamors, I will place myself before the front of his house, in the great street; behind his house,



in the alley, I will ask for some leavings of soup, some broken victuals. Oh! the snow falls on the silken rags which cover me, the wind drives the sleety rain over my body. Once I had fields so vast that a crow could hardly fly over them: in what month, in what year, did all these misfortunes overwhelm me? A moment was sufficient to destroy all that I possessed.

*Chau.* How is it, my husband, that we never meet a single man who lets fall a piece of money into the hands of the poor?

*Cháng.* (*He sings.*) There are many charitable men in this world who solace the unfortunate, many who assuage their sorrows by kind words. There are many benevolent people who, when they see such, add to the number of their good actions, and divide with us the sacrificial meats. I know not why we have never met with a single one who would come near us.

*Chau.* I see on this wooden table some cakes cooked in steam still warm; I would gladly eat one.

*Cháng.* You would like to eat one! But, wife, you are not alone; I would also do my part. Alas! how shall we get the cakes? We have no money. My wife!

*Chau.* What do you want?

*Cháng.* If I beg in the streets, I shall cover myself with shame. Wife, go and beg for me.

*Chau, with dignity.* Who ordered you to beg?

*Cháng.* Ah! it was you yourself.

*Chau.* What! do you wish that I should go and beg in the streets; have you lost all feeling of shame? Am I not the daughter of a rich landholder? You wish me to go and beg in the streets; but once I had rare and delicious meats, I was once sumptuously dressed in splendid and costly attire; I made my calls and visits in a glittering carriage, or in a sedan carried by porters magnificently ornamented. And moreover, does not everybody in the great street know that I am the wife of Cháng, the chief of the Golden Lion? Ah! you are a fine man to bid me go and beg; but I will not.

*Cháng.* What strange talk!

*Chau.* I declare I will not beg.

*Cháng.* You say you are the daughter of a rich landholder, the wife of a chief; that once you had a fine carriage, or a gay sedan with bearers handsomely dressed. But in this exigency, wife, you can beg your way, for I am not Cháng, the chief of the Golden Lion; I am an abortion brought into the world to beg; I say once more, we have not a cash, and I again tell you to go and beg.

*Chau.* I will not, I will not beg.

*Cháng.* I wish you to ask alms.

*Chau.* I tell you I will not.

*Cháng.* If you will not beg, I will beg no more; we can wait then till we die of hunger. (*He sighs.*) You are right, wife, you are the daughter of a rich landholder, the wife of a chief. Very well, let us beg in the street; come, come, I'll beg with you.

*Chau.* Ask for something.

*Cháng.* Misericordia! Who would not be affected at the sight of an old man whose goods have all been destroyed by a terrible fire.

(*He sings.*) How shall I bear the fury of the winds, which blow impetuously on my head! How shall I shield my eyes from the snow flakes which whirl through the air! The fire of heaven has devoured all my goods! My dear, where are the happy times of our youth?

*Chau.* That day is far enough off, for we have already begun to fail under the weight of years.

*Cháng.* (*He sings.*) We are both of us nearly seventy years old, we have need of the comforts of life now more than ever, and Oh, heavens! we are reduced, in our old age, to the hard case of suffering from hunger and the inclemencies of the weather; we have no bed to rest our weary limbs upon now. How can we bear our miseries! The snow falls fast, the winds are unchained around us. When night comes, I can not with my feeble arms, dig up the ground to prepare our bed. Oh mercy! to endure, at our age, the rain and cold! We shall experience all the torments of hell. I will kneel in the highway; perhaps some tender-hearted, generous man will have pity on two poor old folks.

*Chau.* The wind blows fiercely, the snow falls fast; we have no food, no clothes; ah! if we do not freeze, we shall soon starve.

(*They meet a priest.*)

*Priest.* Halloo! my good old friends, have you come here to beg? They are now distributing some vegetables in the monastery of the minister of state; go there, go there, they'll give you some; you've come at a good time.

*Cháng.* My father, you have restored me to life. (*To Chau.*) They are now distributing some vegetables in the monastery of the minister of state; let us go; come along.

*Chau.* Yes, let us go, and ask an alms.

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SCENE VII.

(*In the Monastery.*)

CHANG, CHAU, CHIN PAU, STEWARD.

*Cháng, seeing the steward.* My father, we have come here to beg some vegetables of you.

*Steward.* The distribution is all made.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) Alas! this man, to whom it has been said that he has the streak of famine at the corners of his mouth, and the god who watches over the subsistence of men, living on the edge of the sky: have they not great resemblance to us who are so unfortunate? Luck is against us, and all our circumstances are still unfavorable.

My father.

(*He sings.*) Half a porringer of soup would be enough to support us.

O fatal destiny!

(*He sings.*) We must go and beg, my wife, here and there; some day or other we can not help taking the round of the streets.

*Steward.* You have come too late; we have only just now given out some good dishes.

*Cháng.* Give us something in charity, my father; have pity on us.

*Steward.* We have no more food. (*He goes in.*)

*Chin Pau.* What noise is that which I hear?

*Steward.* It is the cry of two poor old people, who have come to the convent door to beg for some vegetables; they have come too late, all are given away.

*Chin Pau.* Respected priest, you have still my share, give it to these unfortunates to eat.

*Steward.* Most willingly. (*He carries it out to Cháng.*) My good old friends, we had finished the distribution when you came; there were no more dishes left, and the portion I have brought you is that of the minister of state; eat it, and then come and thank his excellency.

*Cháng.* I am much obliged to you. (*To Chau.*) Let us eat, let us eat, wife. Hold, take those two rice cakes for yourself, and I'll take what is in this earthen dish. (*They eat.*) Now go and take back this dish.

*Chau.* Yes, I'll go and give it to the priest.

*Cháng.* Do'n't forget to give our thanks to the magistrate.

*Chau.* I will not forget that. (*She sees and salutes Chin Pau.*) Your excellency has given us a part of your meal. My husband and I wish that you may receive, during your office, the highest and richest emoluments, worthy of your rank and the important functions you fulfill; that after this office, you may get a new one. (*She thinks she sees Hiauyü.*)

*Chin Pau.* Why does this woman look at me so sharply?

*Chau.* Sir, I hope you may have riches and honors in abundance. And for you, my lords, I only wish you may all become officers. (*She goes out.*) This officer has all the motions of Hiauyü. I have carefully

looked at his figure, and the more I reflect, the more I am sure I have found my son. I must tell my husband of this happy rencounter, I want him to go and strike his son. (*To Cháng.*) My dear, you see a woman overcome with joy.

*Cháng.* What causes you so much pleasure, wife?

*Chau.* Make yourself merry: laugh!

*Cháng.* Why should I laugh?

*Chau.* Laugh.

*Cháng.* Well then, I'll laugh. (*He smiles.*)

*Chau.* Laugh harder than that. (*He bursts into a laugh.*) You simpleton, your son Hiauyü is here!

*Cháng.* Where?

*Chau.* What! have you not found it out? This officer who gave us a part of his meal is your son Hiauyü.

*Cháng.* Are you sure of that, wife?

*Chau.* How can a mother be deceived! You would have my eyes not be eyes, but glass balls; luckily, I can see something yet.

*Cháng.* Then I'll surely beat the unnatural son. But are you sure it is he?

*Chau.* Still you repeat it; do you wish my eyes to be glass balls?

*Cháng.* I'll remember these words. (*Sees Chin Pau.*) Ah! there he is! the villain who has roused my wrath.

*Chin Pau to a priest.* My father, he wishes to speak to you.

*Priest.* My lord, it is your excellency he addresses.

*Chin Pau.* My good old man, what do you wish to say to me?

*Cháng.* You have caused me no small trouble.

(*He sings.*) Alas! how can you regard your father and mother as strangers.

You scarcely look upon them with even a casual glance.

*Chau (low to Cháng).* Speak, speak! it is our son.

*Chin Pau.* What! do you pretend to say you are my father? Then I have one question to put, what do you call your son?

*Cháng.* His family name and mine is Cháng; he is called Cháng Hiauyü.

*Chin Pau.* Since you call him Cháng Hiauyü, I am named Chin Pau. Why then, I pray you, do you call me your son?

*Chau (low to Cháng).* He has changed his name.

*Chin Pau.* What age was your son when he left you?

*Cháng.* Thirty years; and as it is now eighteen years since he left us, he would now be forty-eight.

*Chin Pau.* The end of it all is, then, that I had not seen the light when your son left you.

*Cháng.* Wife, you've been deceived.

*Chau.* I have nothing more to say.

*Cháng.* Perhaps you will think now your eyes are glass balls.

*Chau.* It is probable my vision was confused at the door of the convent.

*Chin Pau.* My good old man, do you think I look like your son? Speak, I'll hear you.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) The resemblance is complete as between two ears taken from the same vase; you have both the same countenance, the same air, both the same open and manly physiognomy; you are alike in stature, and have received from nature the same advantages.

My lord, have pity on a poor old man; your servant is a man borne down by years.

(*He sings*) My eyes, suffused with tears, can not distinguish objects. Do not think of me, my lord. (*He kneels and begs pardon.*)

*Chin Pau.* Old man, just when you kneeled before me, it seemed as if somebody struck me behind. (*Apart*) May it not be that as good luck as mine is in store for him? (*Aloud*) I want nothing of you; go, we must part.

*Cháng.* My lord, a thousand thanks for your generosity.

*Chin Pau.* Come back here.

*Cháng* (*afraid*). My lord, what do you wish to reprimand me for?

*Chin Pau.* I was going to say I wanted nothing of you; why should I wish to reprimand you? Hold; I see your clothes are in a bad plight; take this bonnet and these clothes of wadded silk; take them and go.

*Cháng.* I thank your excellency with all my heart. (*Exit.*) What a good and compassionate officer! He did not scold nor strike me; far from it, he gives me a bonnet of silk and clothes, and loads me with benefits. . . . (*He looks at them*) What is this I see! (*He weeps.*)

The tunic of my son!—When he was going, he left us this pledge of his remembrance.—There is some mystery here, which it is not easy to explain.—According to appearances, my wife, when thanking the officer a little while ago, let it fall in her hurry. I must ask her; if she has not told me, she has certainly done wrong. (*To Chau*) Wife, where is the pledge of our son?

*Chau.* What pledge?

*Cháng.* You remember that our son, when he was leaving, gave us, as a pledge of love and tenderness, half a tunic; where is it?

*Chau.* This tender token had escaped my memory. Do not speak of the tunic of my son, for I fear I've lost it.—Let me see, look care-

fully, we shall find it. (*Gladly*) Ah! here it is in my bosom. (*She takes it out.*) Good! I have not lost this half tunic.

*Cháng*, showing the one the officer had given him. See the other half!

*Chau*, with a stupefied air, Where did you find it?

*Cháng*. Compare this half of the tunic with that you have.— Oh! if this is not that belonging to Hiauyü! (*He cries out.*) Ah, alas! I have no longer a son.—My heart will break with grief.

(*He sings.*) Lose no time, wife; let us go and ask this young officer if our son is still alive, or whether he has ceased to live. (*He sees Chin Pau.*)

My lord, this half a tunic which you have given us is a thing of little importance, and yet it has plunged us into a troublesome perplexity.

*Chin Pau*. Why do you have any perplexity? Explain the enigma to me.

*Cháng*. (*He sings*) I remember how that this tunic once belonged to my son; I cut it myself into two pieces to make a pledge of attachment and remembrance. May I presume to ask your excellency where this half came from which was in your possession?

*Chin Pau*. What is your family name?

*Cháng*. (*He sings.*) I am the chief *Cháng*.

*Chin Pau*. The chief *Cháng*! Where do you live?

*Cháng*. (*He sings.*) My house was . . . was in the street *Máhing*.

*Chin Pau*. Why do you not stay at home in your house?

*Cháng*. (*He sings*) I once took a young man for my adopted son, who I thought was virtuous, but he was of a base and violent disposition; this villain carried off my son with him, and plunged him into an abyss of misfortunes.

*Chin Pau*. In what region is your son?

*Cháng*. (*He sings*) My son had the misfortune to hear his foolish words; he gave himself up to the wiles, the cunning schemes of this knave, and finished by leaving his native place to go to follow some sort of business, I know not what.

*Chin Pau*. Have you had any news of him?

*Cháng*. It is eighteen years since my son left.

(*He sings*) He went off, and has never sent back the least account of himself.

*Chin Pau*. Now, are you not the chief *Cháng* of the Golden Lion?

*Cháng*. Yes, I am the chief *Cháng* of the Golden Lion; my wife is *Chau*. My lord, do you know *Chin Hú*?

*Chin Pau*. You have mentioned the name of my father.

*Cháng*. Do you know *Lí Yu*?

*Chin Pau.* My mother, who carried me in her womb. But how did you know her?

*Cháng.* We are her relatives.

*Chau.* Husband! I have a thought. You remember our daughter-in-law was pregnant eighteen months, without being delivered. It is likely that this young officer is the infant she bore; he is our grandson.

*Chin Pau.* Since you are my old relatives, come along with me, both of you.

*Cháng.* We must go with him, wife; let us go. Shall we not go?

*Chau.* Be careful where you go!

*Cháng.* Why?

*Chau.* It is said that the roads are all infested with robbers.

*Cháng.* What robbers? (*To Chin Pau*) May I presume to ask your excellency a question, If we go with you, where do you mean to take us?

*Chin Pau.* Let me give you a string of money. You will go to the city of Ngánshán, in the department of Súchau; we will meet in the temple of the Golden Sand, which I appoint as the rendezvous. Take care, and be particular to be there, both of you.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) Take this tunic and carry it there for me to your nearest relatives; tell them you have seen the two old people of the street Máhing; but be careful not to pronounce these words to your father.

*Chin Pau.* Why do you wish him to be ignorant of all these things?

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) When you again leave your father and mother, they will give you clear and precise information. (*To Chau*) The villain! I hope heaven will punish him. My wife, our misfortunes approach their termination; we shall soon enjoy great happiness; the cup of life, so full of bitterness for us, will now become sweeter.

My wife, I will go with you now. (*They leave.*)

*Chin Pau, to the abbot.* Venerable abbot, I have some important business which demands my attention. I must make my preparations for leaving to-day, and return home.

## ACT FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

(*In the house of Chin Hú.*)

CHIN HÚ AND LÍ YU.

*Chin Hú.* I am Chin Hú. Oh! the delicious wine I have drunk from full cups! This Chin Pau and his superstitious mother: I do'nt

know where she has sent him, but I hope I shall never see him again. (*To Lí Yü*) I'll wager your son is engaged in some robbery.

*Lí Yü.* He has gone to compete at the examinations.

*Chin Hú.* If he has gone to compete at the military examinations, it is very certain he will be disappointed at the trial. Did you tell him never to return, that I did not want to see him again? I have an important business to-day, and must go into the valley of Wá-kung, where some persons are waiting for me. Wife, take care of the house.

(*He goes.*)

*Lí Yü.* The thief has gone. I'll stop in the doorway to see if any one comes.

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SCENE II.

LÍ YÜ, CHIN PAU.

*Chin Pau.* I am Chin Pau. After my long interview with the two old people in the monastery of the minister of state, I gave them orders to come here. On my part, I came on ahead, as I wished to return immediately to my parental mansion to salute my mother. I shall soon reach the threshold of her door. (*He sees her.*) Mother, your son has obtained the rank of senior wrangler at the military examination, with a commission to judge all the criminals in his native province immediately.

*Lí Yü.* My son, an officer! Oh heavens! I shall die for joy. Did you see the two old folks in the street Máhing, Cháng and his wife?

*Chin Pau.* I have seen the two old people; they will be here ere long; but I have a question to put, mother; what is the relation between me and them?

*Lí Yü.* Be careful how you ask on that point; they are your old relations.

*Chin Pau.* Old relations; but are they near, or are they distant? Why do you express yourself in such an ambiguous manner, mother? Your words have a double sense. If you only say that Ch'ng and his wife are our old relations, I shall never know the degree of affinity which unites us.

*Lí Yü.* Well, my son, I will tell you clearly, but do not give way to your hasty resentment.

*Chin Pau.* I'll be calm.

*Lí Yü.* My son, you do'nt know. . . . Mercy! what am I going to announce. . . . Chin Hú is not your father. I was not originally from this region, but I was born at Nínking, in the street Máhing, in the Bamboo-twig alley. The chief Ch'ng of the Golden Lion is my



father-in-law. It is eighteen years since Chin Hú threw your father Hiauyü into the Yellow river; you are his posthumous son, and these two old people, whom you have seen, are the chief Cháng of the Golden Lion and his wife Chau.

*Chin Pau.* If you had not told me, mother, how should I ever have known this crime? (*He faints.*)

*Lí Yü.* Recover your spirits, my son. If you die now, who will revenge the death of your father?

*Chin Pau.* The infamous rascal! So, he is not my father!—where has he gone, mother?

*Lí Yü.* He has gone to the valley of Wá-kung to meet some persons.

*Chin Pau.* O murderer of my father! the tomb demands you. If this fiend is gone to the valley of Wá-kung, he shall not return alive.

(*He sings.*) Scarcely had I heard these words, when my brow wrinkled; my look became dark and menacing; I never knew these crimes before.

I shall go this morning to the valley of Wá-kung; I will seize this infamous villain, and revenge my father's death. (*Exit.*)

*Lí Yü.* My son has gone to revenge his father's death; let me go then to the temple of the Golden Sand. I will go into the inclosure where funeral rites are solemnized, to offer a sacrifice for my husband, that his soul may pass from a place of suffering into celestial habitations. Let us go speedily to the temple: I will present the sacrificial meats, I will call upon his shade. I think I now see Hiauyü before my eyes! (*Exit.*)

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SCENE III.

CHAU HINGSUN, NOW A VILLAGE ELDER.

I am Chau Hingsun. After the chief Cháng loaded me with so many benefits, I pursued my route to my place of exile. By an unexpected good fortune, the governor of the province learned that I was a courageous and zealous man, who had a faculty of appeasing riotous people, and who was ready to unsheath the sword to succor and defend the oppressed. He trusted me many times with orders to apprehend evil doers; and not long ago he allowed me to exercise the functions of village elder here. The valley of Wá-kung is infested with many robbers of extraordinary resolution, and as he can not make them leave their retreats, the magistrate wishes me to assist him with five hundred of the best troops of government to apprehend all the outlaws in that valley. I must go myself to seek them, so that they can be all taken at once.—I can not help often thinking how

that, if it had not been for the kindness of the chief Cháng, I should never have reached my place of exile alive. It is now a long time since that event happened. It was a great act of kindness I received from him; he lived then in Bamboo-twig alley, near the street Máhing, at the sign of the Golden Lion. I frequently think of his wife Chau, his son Hiauyü, and daughter-in-law Lí Yü; but I can never forget my implacable enemy Chin Hú, whose conduct weighs heavily on my memory, and is not at all effaced from my mind.

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SCENE IV.

CHAU HINGSUN, CHANG, CHAU, A BOWMAN.

*Bowman, bringing in Cháng and his wife.* Here are two old people whom we found in our route when surrounding the valley of Wá-kung; as both of them have very suspicious countenances, I seized them on the spot, and have brought them to you to be examined.

*Cháng.* Great prince, spare our lives.

*Bowman, sternly.* This officer is not a great prince, he is the respected headman of the village, who has received orders from the minister of state to arrest all the robbers in the valley of Wá-kung; he will shortly question you.

*Chau Hingsun.* Where were you two going?

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) To the mansion of the Golden Sand. We were arrested just when we were inquiring our way. (*Turning to the bowman*) After having crossed the valley of Wá-kung, I did not think of meeting you at the foot of the mountain.

*Bowman.* If you really are pursuing your own business, let the headman know it, and he will shortly set you at liberty.

*Cháng to Chau Hingsun.* (*He sings.*) Have pity on our misery, and the sad state to which we are reduced. General, I hope you will pity us.

*Chau Hingsun.* Well, my good fellow, what part of the country are you from? What is your name and surname?

*Cháng.* I am the chief Cháng of the Golden Lion; my wife is named Chau.

*Chau Hingsun, astonished.* Is this the chief Cháng of the Golden Lion!

*Cháng.* Your servant is he.

*Chau Hingsun.* Do you know me?

*Cháng.* Who are you?

*Chau Hingsun.* I did not think of meeting the chief Cháng here. (*He sings.*) Scarcely had I heard his words, when a sudden emotion of inexpressible pleasure made my heart beat. O most virtuous of men, you have been called for eighteen years, the chief Cháng; and I, whom

you now see with so many honors, am Chau Hingsun, who, fastened to a cangue and covered with shame, once asked charity of you. Come to the help of the chief and his wife, all you who are present; and you, venerable old man, receive the salutations of the village elder.

*Cháng.* Refrain, general, from kneeling before me; my life is in your hands.

*Chau Hingsun.* Where do you come from, that I now see you in this sad plight?

*Cháng.* It is because the scoundrel Chin Hú has carried away my children.

*Chau Hingsun.* Where is your son now, and your daughter-in-law?

*Cháng.* (*He sings.*) Be cautions of raising in my soul a profound grief; my flesh has been separated from my bones.

*Chau Hingsun.* Why did you not remain in your own house, chief; you had a fine estate?

*Cháng.* (*He sings.*) My house was destroyed by a vast conflagration, and I have sold my land.

*Chau Hingsun.* Alas! how you are to be pitied.

*Cháng.* (*He sings.*) I and my wife barely escaped, but it was hard to live after such a disaster.

*Chau Hingsun.* What are your resources now, and where do you both find the means of existence?

*Cháng.* (*He sings.*) When the night comes, we both of us sleep on a pile of bricks and earth; in the daytime we implore charity from the passengers in the name of Budha.

*Chau Hingsun.* Do you meet many charitable people?

*Cháng.* (*He sings.*) No, not an individual who has had pity on our misfortunes.

*Chau Hingsun.* This Chin Hú was a very cruel man.

*Cháng.* (*He sings.*) Chin Hú! Ah! the hatred I bear towards you is implacable. It is such a horror as seizes a man at the sight of the murderer of his father and mother.

*Chau Hingsun.* And yet he had, at first sight, a pleasing address and mild countenance. Where did he get such ferocity?

*Cháng.* (*He sings.*) Benevolence and virtue seemed to repose in his features, he had the winning softness of a young immortal; but his sentiments were false, his affections changeable, and the perversity of his heart was as deep as hell.

*Chau Hingsun.* And this is the man whom your son recognized as his brother!

*Cháng.* (*He sings.*) My son heard his words, listened to his guile, and then went off with him.

*Chau Hingsun.* But it is a long time since your son left; have you heard nothing of him?

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) For eighteen years that he has gone from me, I have never seen a single character from his pencil.

*Chau Hingsun.* Who would have thought Chin Hú would have acted so badly! This man, I remember, was originally from the department of Súchau. Now the valley of Wá-kung is in this prefecture. I have orders to arrest the robbers who live there. Be easy; the power of the state will wash out your wrongs. But I wish, first of all, to give you a string of money to buy food; keep on your journey, and wait for me at the temple of the Golden Sand.

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SCENE V.

HIAUYU, AS A BUDHIST PRIEST.

I am Hiauyü. One day when I was going with Chin Hú on the journey undertaken against the wishes of my father and mother, this ungrateful rascal on a sudden pushed me into the Yellow river; I owe my life to the generous exertions of a fisherman who drew me out of the abyss.—It is now eighteen years since this happened. How fast the time flies! I must go out of my cell to-day, for I am going to distribute alms at the temple of the Golden Sand. I believe that an old man sent me some days ago, some pieces of money to offer a sacrifice. (*Turning to other priests.*) My brothers, take the boxes of the law, and come into the temple.

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SCENE VI.

(*In the Temple of the Golden Sand.*)

HIAUYU, CHANG, CHAU, LI YU.

*Cháng.* Now we are in the temple of the Golden Sand, wife, we must offer an expiatory sacrifice. Let us place a tablet for our son. (*To Hiauyü*) My father, we wish to suspend a tablet for our son on the wall.

*Hiauyü* (*apart*). These beggars have both of them countenances which indicate the practice of virtue.

*Cháng.* Who told you we were beggars?

*Hiauyü.* If you are not mendicants, what are you then?

*Cháng.* We are old people, who have come to this inclosure to take our meal.

*Hiauyü.* My brothers, give them a portion of rice.

*Cháng.* Once we knew what wealth and ease were?

*Hiauyü.* What! were you once rich, my good friends?

*Cháng.* Hear me, my father.

(*He sings.*) If I must first speak of my ancestors, they had riches like the spacious heaven.

*Hiauyü.* My good old man, if you speak so strong, I shall never know the truth.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) But if my memory opens the book which is placed before it, I can not help speaking strongly.

*Hiauyü.* It will be enough if you tell me what is your native place, and where it lies.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) If I must speak of my native place, it is not far from this. My forefathers.....

*Hiauyü.* What was formerly your occupation; did you have any business?

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) I lived in the street Máhing, where I had opened a splendid establishment.—My father, I give you here a little money; if it is not enough, I will add some more.

*Hiauyü.* He lived in the street Máhing!—Venerable old man, what prayers do you want us to recite?

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) I wish you to recite many chapters of expiatory prayers with pomp and gravity.

*Hiauyü.* Say that again, I did not hear you.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) I wish you to recite all the expiatory prayers, and implore the mercy of heaven. Have pity, my father, I beg you, have pity on my misfortunes.

*Hiauyü.* For whom do you wish me to recite these prayers?

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) For the soul of my son, Cháng Hiauyü.

*Hiauyü.* For whom did you say?

*Cháng.* For my son Cháng Hiauyü, that he may pass from purgatory into the abodes of the immortals.

*Hiauyü (apart).* These two old people are really my father and mother. I must ask them. (*To Cháng.*) For whom did you wish me to recite these expiatory prayers?

*Cháng.* For my son Cháng Hiauyü, that he may rise soon to the celestial mansions.

*Hiauyü.* For what person?

*Cháng.* Give me the money back which I gave you. I will go somewhere else, and find a priest of more compassion than you, with a gentle voice, to chant the prayers of Budha for my son.

*Hiauyü.* Where is the Buddhist priest whose heart is not open to compassion. I have no doubt now that these two old folks are my parents. (*He salutes*) I am Cháng Hiauyü, my parents.

*Chau.* Heavens! It is a ghost, a shade!

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) Take care, spiteful demon, not to stretch your supplicating hands towards me. You wish to rise to the abode of the

immortals, and for this you have met me in the temple of the Golden Sand. Oh! take pity on your father, who thinks of you every day.

*Hiauyü.* Your son is not a spectre, father, but a man.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) This Buddhist priest has all at once become an immortal. I have lived seventy years, but never saw a prodigy like this before. Your corpse, lying unburied, where has it gone now?—No, no, it is your material soul which now appears before my eyes.

I will call you three times; if you are a man, you will answer, and the sounds from your mouth will be clear and sonorous; if you are a spirit, you will reply, but the tones will be plaintive, hollow, and faint.

*Hiauyü.* Call me, I will answer you.

*Cháng.* Cháng Hiauyü, my son!

*Hiauyü, in a loud tone.* It is I.

*Cháng.* It is a man, it is a man!—Cháng Hiauyü, my son!

*Hiauyü, in a loud tone.* It is I.

*Cháng.* It is a man!—Cháng Hiauyü, my son!

*Hiauyü.* I will make his uncertainty and fear return. (*Low*)  
It is I.

*Cháng.* It is a ghost.

*Hiauyü.* I am not a ghost, father; I am a man.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) My son, object of all my thoughts, we wish you to appear before us alive, we want to keep you near us, full of life and health. Put an end to our uncertainty and torture.

*Hiauyü.* I am a man, father.

*Cháng.* My son, how do I find you here?

*Hiauyü.* You must know that after I left your house, I went on the journey with Chin Hú. As we were crossing the Yellow river together, the vile miscreant pushed me out of the boat into the stream; I owe my life to the generous efforts of a fisherman, who rescued me from my danger, after which I quitted secular business, and took up a religious life. This is why you find me in this place.

*Cháng.* Oh! now I have found my son! What a happy reunion!

*Lí Yü, coming into the temple.* At last, I am here. This is, then, the temple of the Golden Sand. I must offer in this inclosure an expiatory holocaust for the soul of my husband Hiauyü. (*She sees Cháng and Chau.*) O goodness! My father and mother!

*Cháng.* It is my daughter-in-law, Lí Yü.

*Chau.* Oh, my daughter, my daughter!

*Hiauyü.* Oh Budha! what woman is this?

*Chau.* It is my daughter-in-law.

*Hiauyü.* My wife!

*Chau.* Where have you been these eighteen years?

*Lí Yü.* Chin Hú brought me with him to this country.

*Cháng.* Has your son come back?

*Lí Yü.* He has gone to arrest the vile brigand, but I think that it will not be long before he comes here.

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SCENE VII.

(*In the valley of Wá-kung.*)

CHIN HU, CHIN PAU, CHAU HINGSUN, BOWMEN.

*Chin Hú.* I am now in the valley of Wákung.—Why do my eyebrows tremble? It is a prognostic, but whether good or evil, I can't tell. Who are these people behind running up to me so fast?

*Chin Pau.* Stop, villain, murderer of my father! Do n't run away.

*Chin Hú.* You little wretch, where have you been hid so long? Who has killed your father?

*Chin Pau.* You rascal, do you mean to cheat me still? You are not my father; my father was Híáuyü, whom you pushed overboard into the Yellow river. The vile cheat! If I do not seize his carcass before it lies in its coffin, who will revenge my father's death, and assuage my hate?  
(*Strikes him.*)

*Chin Hú.* If I strike him back, 'twill be no use. Faith, out of thirty-six schemes I can imagine, the best and surest will be to run. Save yourself!

*Chin Pau.* Stop here, you robber, where are you going?

(*Chau Hingsun and a troop rush in.*)

*Chau Hingsun.* Haiya! Here's Chin Hú! Bowmen, seize this man.  
(*Many lay hold on him.*)

*Chin Hú.* My troubles are thickening; who would have thought of meeting this implacable enemy here!

*Chin Pau.* May I ask, Sir, what is your honorable name?

*Chau Hingsun.* My family name is Chau, my name is Hingsun; I am village headman in my native place, and I have come to seize the robbers in the valley of Wá-kung. I have one benefactor in this world, the chief Cháng of the Golden Lion, and one enemy, Chin Hú. I lately had the pleasure of meeting the chief, and he waits for me at the temple of the Golden Sand. Who would have thought that rencounter would have been followed by the capture of Chin Hú? Thus, Sir, I shall acknowledge a kindness, and revenge my injuries the same day.

*Chin Pau.* I must announce to you, then, that I have received his majesty's order to judge all the criminals of my native province. You will learn also that I am the grandson of the chief Cháng.

*Chau Hingsun.* My lord, Chau Hingsun is ready to receive the orders of his superior.

*Ching Pau.* Very well, fill up the measure of your joy; seize Chin Hú, and let us go together to the temple of the Golden Sand.

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SCENE VIII.

(*In the temple of the Golden Sand.*)

CHANG AND HIS WIFE, HIAUYU, WIFE AND SON, CHAU HINGSUN.

*Chin Pau, seeing his mother.* Goodness! here's my mother!

*Li Yü.* Salute your grandfather and grandmother.

*Chin Pau.* Take a seat, I beg you, and receive the salutations of your grandson.

*Cháng.* What, have I found my grandson too! This is too good, too much.

*Li Yü, showing him Hiauyü.* Now salute your father.

*Chin Pau.* Who is the father of your son, mother?

*Li Yü.* He is this worthy Buddhist priest.

*Chin Pau.* You act in a very hasty manner, mother; just now you quitted a robber, now you acknowledge a priest for your husband.

*Li Yü.* My son, this monk is your father Cháng Hiauyü.

*Chin Pau.* Be seated, father, and receive the salutations of your son.

*Cháng.* My grandson, have you taken Chin Hú?

*Chin Pau.* The village headman, Chau Hingsun, has seized him for me; the good magistrate is now at the convent door.

*Cháng.* Since he is at the door, make him come in immediately.

*Chau Hingsun.* Respected chief, and you, madam, I have just seen, but who is this monk and this lady?

*Cháng.* Well, this man before you is our son Hiauyü, and this woman is my daughter-in-law Li Yü.

*Chau Hingsun.* My benefactor! (*To Cháng*) Sir, be seated, and receive the respects of Chau Hingsun.

*Cháng.* Come here, my grandson. This officer has arrested the vile Chin Hú for you; you ought to thank him for it.

(*Chin Pau prepares to salute him.*)

*Chau Hingsun, hastily.* No, I can never, I dare not receive your respects. Your excellency is my superior. My sergeants of police have the rascal Chin Hú in chains, and have brought him into this country; he must be put to death in your excellency's presence.

*Hiauyü.* It is not necessary that he die.

*Cháng.* Why do you not wish to have him die, my son?

*Hiauyü.* Because I still have some affection for the man.



*Chau Hingsun.* There never was greater joy in this world. Father, wife, son, mother, have all found each other here. We must kill a sheep, and get some wine. I will spread out a banquet for you, and each one can abandon himself to unrestrained joy.

*Cháng.* (*He sings*) You say that all the members of my family find themselves here reunited. Although my heart dilates with joy, I am not insensible to pity. I am very willing you should kill a sheep, and prepare the festive goblet, and lay out a splendid banquet; but as heaven has had compassion on me, since it has been moved by the virtues of the chief Cháng, I wish, too, that my grandson may illustrate the rank he bears by the kind actions he will do.

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SCENE IX.

THE GOVERNOR OF SUCHAU, WITH HIS ATTENDANTS.

My family name is Lí, my name Cháng, my title Kwolyáng; I am the governor of Súchau. The emperor has conferred on me by special decree, the sword of power and the embroidered standard, and charged me to visit all the provinces in the empire to revise unjust sentences, and render justice to the oppressed. Among the criminals in this province is the name of Chin Hú; he is a robber, who, avaricious for money, has precipitated the chief Cháng into an abyss of misfortunes. As I regard the proofs of his crimes well established, I have already made my report to the emperor, and am going to-day to pronounce a just sentence in the case. I hear that the whole family of Ching is assembled in the temple of the Golden Sand. Let me take advantage of this.

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SCENE X.

(*In the temple of the Golden Sand.*)

THE GOVERNOR, CHANG, AND OTHERS.

*The governor.* Burn some incense, Cháng; and all you who are here, kneel in the direction of the emperor's palace and hear my final decision.

(*He sings.*) Agreeably to the mandate I have received from the emperor, I have ordered an inquest and made my report. I give impartial justice to the people, and restore to innocence its primitive purity; I revise the decisions of collusive officers. Cháng, rejoice that you have recovered your family; Lí Yü, on account of your virtues, heaven wills you to be reunited to your husband. I have seized the guilty cause of all your misfortunes, and on the morrow, at the place of execution, the terrible words, *Chin tau!* will be pronounced. A proclamation will announce to the people of the town that governor Lí administers justice to-day. Honor the august benefactor of the people, and learn to recognize the ineffable goodness of Earth, and the supreme authority of Heaven.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

ART. II. *Remarks by a native Chinese preacher upon the Sabbath, and the notice of it in the Yih King.*

THE following remarks in relation to the Christian Sabbath, and the explanation of a passage in the Book of Changes, formed part of a sermon lately preached in Hongkong before a native audience, and have been kindly furnished for the Repository at our request. There are some difficulties in the way of adopting the explanation here set forth, and we have appended the remarks of Ch'ú Hí, which "mystify the mistiness" of the text almost beyond what its author could have imagined possible. The date of the original record is supposed to be about the time of the death of Noah, but the comments of Lord Chau and Prince Wan are several centuries later, somewhere about B. C. 1100. The preacher in the course of his sermon spoke as follows:

"The Scriptures say that in six days God made heaven, earth, the sea, and all things therein, and rested on the seventh; therefore we hallow the seventh day as a sacred time, as is required in the commandment, Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy, &c. Thus we see that the Sabbath began at the time of the creation, and was instituted by the Lord of all nations; at that time there was only one man, who was the ancestor of all people, and thus became the chief of all, and this day was set apart, that through the first father of all nations it might be handed down. Proper, therefore, it is for all lands to know it, for all people to observe it. But now there are people in many countries entirely ignorant of the name of the Sabbath. This is the cause. Men's hearts are continually treacherous, and the heart of rectitude is ever small, so that the longer the world exists, the more it forgets the commands of God. If we trace the matter up, it will be found that there is now no country which did not know the Sabbath, and even the Chinese speak of it. The diagram *Fuh* in the the Book of Changes says, *fán fuh kí t'au, tsih jih lái fuh*, 反復其道七日來復 'this rule goes and returns; in seven days it comes again.'<sup>1</sup> Twán (Prince Wan) says, 'This rule going and

1) The whole sentence in the original text of Fuhhí is, *Fuh; hang; chuh juh wú tsih, pang lái wú kú; fán fuh kí t'au, tsih jih lái fuh; lí yú yú wáng, 復亨出入无疾朋來无咎反復其道七日來復利有攸往* *Fuh* means to return, *hang* to permeate; entering and going out, there is no malign influence; when friends come, there is no judgment: this law goes and returns, in seven days it comes again: wherever it influences, advantage follows.

returning, and in seven days coming again, refers to the revolutions of heaven.<sup>12</sup> This is a trace of a seventh day rest coming round; for if not, why did these ancient worthies speak in such a way? The age of Fuhí was not far from the creation, and the time of a Sabbath was not yet altogether forgotten in China; and his not saying seven moons, or seven times, but *seven days*, is a clear trace of it. But unhappily, those who afterwards expounded the Book of Changes could not at all follow in his steps, and made quite another meaning, which is much to be regretted. In the sentence, *fuh kí kien tien tí chí sin hú?* 復其見天地之心乎 do we again see the heart of heaven and earth?<sup>13</sup> this reference is still plainer. The Chinese use the phrase *heaven and earth* to indicate the Supreme Ruler, and he instituted the Sabbath with no other reason than to benefit the bodies and souls of men, as the Scriptures say, The Sabbath was made for man. Do we not again see in this the love of God for man? Truly these words are trustworthy. In respect of the expression, *sien wáng í chí jih pí kwán sháng lü puh hing, hau puh sang fang,* 先王以至曰閉關商旅不行后不省方 'the ancient kings ordered that on that day the gate of the great road should be shut, and traders not permitted to pass, nor the princes to go and examine their states;<sup>14</sup>

Upon this sentence, Chü Hí comments, "*Fuh* is the *yáng* regenerating all below. When the *Poh* diagram is exhausted, then the world is purified, the diagram of the tenth month comes, and the *yáng* influence is produced below. When it accumulates beyond a month, the body of the *yáng* begins to be perfected, and returns again, therefore the diagram of the eleventh month is *fuh*, to return, the *yáng* having proceeded and returned again in its circuit; therefore there is the law of permeation. Moreover, the thunder within and earth without, (referring to the diagrams *chün* 震 thunder, and *kiun* 坤 earth, attached to this section) is that the *yáng* acts beneath, and this takes the appearance of harmoniously acting with it above: therefore we have this expression that it does of itself enter and go out, and there is then no malign influence, and at the coming of friends there are no judgments. Also from the diagram *hau* of the fifth month, the body of the *yin* begins to issue, and even up through these seven diagrams (referring to the six preceding this one), when the *yáng* again returns in its revolution, that is, heaven thus revolves of itself; therefore we have this expression, that the law of its return and revolution is that in seven days it will come again. Since also it is by stern virtue that it increases, therefore we have the phrase, wherever it influences, advantage follows. This rule of returning and revolving means going and then coming back, coming and then going back; and these seven days form the period of its circuit."

2) *Twín* is a name taken by Wan-wáng or Prince Wan, who commented upon the original text of Fuhí.

3) This sentence is taken from the comments of Wan wáng, but there is nothing in the comments of Chü Hí bearing upon the question of the seven days.

4) Chü Hí says, "Compose your mind that you may nourish the nascent *yíng*. *Yueh ling*, monthly term, means the month when persons fast and remain in private, in order to wait till the *yin* and *yíng* are fixed."

The commentator on this says, "The ancient kings on the winter solstice

it is plainly to be seen that in the time of the ancient kings, on the day of Sabbath, all classes kept at rest and observed it. Is it so that the Chinese had not at first a Sabbath?"<sup>5</sup>

In explanation of the whole passage, Regis has collected the remarks of the Chinese commentators, which we add to the above to show the sense in which they interpret the return of the seven days. In his remarks on the 61st diagram, where the phrase *seven days* again occurs, he says that it can not be understood of a weekly period, which the Chinese never had. If the phrase *chi jih*, which in the sermon is rendered on *that day*, could be shown to refer to the return of the seven days, instead of the solstice, as Regis' note 5) shows all native expositors hold it to do, it would greatly fortify the gloss of the preacher upon the original expression. The utter ignorance of the Chinese commentators of a Sabbatic rest among other nations would of course lead them to seek another explanation of the phrase *seven days* than that suggested by the preacher. Regis says,

"We may now inquire why mention is here made of *seven days*, and why by some interpreters, among whom is Ch'ü Hí, one of the most distinguished of them, the *seven days* are said to be *seven ying* or *seven yin*. We reply that the seven days allude to the solstitial festival, which the commentator upon Confucius mentions as returning at the stated time. The *seven days* also, which are taken for the *seven ying* by Ch'ü Hí and many others, are no doubt those seven days which after three years may be denominated *yáng*, and denoted by its symbol in the revolution of the 64 figures of Fuh-hí's table. The great lunar year of thirteen months has 384 days, which sum is equal to the number of lines in the whole table, since each of the 64 figures consists of six lines, and all amount to the same number (384). If therefore it be understood that one figure, or one senary of lines, as e. g. this 24th figure  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{---} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{---} \end{array} \right.$  be assigned to each senary of days of the embolismic year, so that the first of the six days shall be denominated from the first line of the figure, which in this instance is *ying*, the second day from the second line of the figure, which is here *yin*, &c., it will be seen that all the days of the year may be denominated *ying* or *yin*, and may be denoted by the lines  $\text{---}$ ,  $\text{---}$ , according to the diversity of the figures corresponding to each senary of days in the embolismic year; all which appears still more clear, if those 64 senary figures (as has been done by the more recent Chinese editors of the Yih King) be arranged in a circle. In the first and second figures which we have explained above, the *Kien* and *Kiun*, the pure *ying* and the pure *yin*, are placed in the circle opposite to each other, one at the south, the other at the north. For the *ying* answers to *heat*, and the *yin* to *cold*. So that proceeding from the North point, the other figures being arranged according to the senaries of days, e. g. *poh*  $\begin{array}{c} \text{---} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{---} \end{array}$  and *pi*  $\begin{array}{c} \text{---} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{---} \end{array}$ , we come to the thirty-second, consisting of six lines, which with the intervening one makes 192, or half the sum both of the

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shut up the road leading to the guardhouses, so that the traders could not pass through and lay out their goods for traffic, nor the princes go out to their states to examine them and look after their people; all ranks kept quiet, that they might nourish the nascent *yáng*."

5) P. Regis remarks in his translation of this passage, that "there is no doubt that the Chinese word *chi* in the commentary upon Confucius is to be taken for the solstice. For in the ancient calendar as well as the new, both the winter and summer solstices are called by this name and character. *Chi yih* is literally *the day of culmination*, as the Tartars render it; *chi* meaning *the highest point reached*, in which sense the solstice is called by our ancient astronomers, *summa apsis*."—Regis' Yih King, Vol. II, page 70.

lines of the table of Fuh-hí, and of the days of the embolismic year. The 32d is *Hau*, containing one line *yín*. Following this is the figure *Kien*, having no *yín* lines, but consisting simply of six *yáng* lines, and this is situated in the summer solstice, the six days next to the solstice, namely, those designated by the six lines of the figure *Kien* may then be correctly denominated *yáng*. Thus also may be denominated the seventh day after the sixth, since the first line of the succeeding figure corresponds to it, among the six lines of which it is formed. The figure *Hau*, says the commentator, denotes that the principle *yáng*, is now *decreasing*. But how is this indicated, unless it be in the fact that it does not now consist, like the preceding *Kien* of six *yáng* lines, but has one of the six *yín* lines, and thus has less of the *yáng*, &c. The same mode of reasoning occurs in relation to the opposite point, to which we proceed from the point of the summer solstice, but there is no necessity of repeating the same things, the names only being changed. *In seven days again it returns from thence*, to wit, when the annual revolution of the days, distinguished by the lines *yín* and *yáng*, giving seven consecutive *yáng* days, happens at the solstice of the intercalated year; the same revolution gives seven *yín* days in the other solstice. It is moreover evident that this [concurrence] of seven consecutive days, which according to an [entire] revolution of the figures of the table of Fuh-hí, are denominated *yáng*, and denoted by a continuous line, can not return, except in an embolismic year. As it is necessary that the annually recurring sum of days should be equal to the number of all the lines, which is fixed, to wit 384, that solstitial day, with the following six *yáng*, may be considered (on the recurrence of the embolismic year) especially solemn, since many of the princes and chief vassals were required to make their appearance at court every third year. But if any one (Mencius observes) did not come at the appointed time to the court of the emperor to render an account of his office and of his kingdom, in the first instance he was degraded one step; e. g. from a *kung*, or marquis, he became a *hau* or count. The second time he was deprived of a portion of his annual revenue and of a part of his kingdom. On the third occasion, he had an army sent against him. The dissertation upon these points is resumed in the third part."—*Vol. 11. page 71.*

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ART. III. *Anecdotes given by Chinese authors to inculcate a moral, or to illustrate human conduct.*

*A Large Mouth.*

Two men were telling stories with each other. One man said, "There's a man in our village, whose head reaches to heaven while he stands on the ground." The other said, "There's a man in our village larger than that; his upper lip reaches to the clouds, and his lower lip lies on the ground." The other asked, "Where's his body then?" "I have only seen his big mouth," rejoined the latter.

*Moral.*—This last certainly had the thickest cheeks—i. e. no shame.

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*I didn't see him!*

A foolish lictor was once carrying a criminal to the magistrate's office, who was a Buddhist, and as he was starting on his way, lest he should forget his things and his errand, he carefully noted them all in two sentences, to say over to himself, viz.

"Bundle, umbrella, cangue,  
Warrant, priest, and I."

As he went along, he repeated these two lines every step to himself. The priest, seeing his character, got him drunk, then shaved his hair off, and put the cangue on him, and stealthily fled. On coming to, the lictor said, "Let us wait till I examine whether everything be right. Bundle and umbrella are here." Feeling on his neck, "the cangue is here too," he says, "and so is the warrant." All at once, half scared, he cries, "Haiya! I do'nt see the priest!" but just then rubbing the top of his head, he exclaims with glee, "The priest is still here, but after all I do'nt see myself."

*Moral.*—You will say what a fool this man is, but do you know that men show as much folly in blindly running hither and thither in the pursuit of gain all their days, and never studying themselves, till at last, when their plans and life are scattered in the darkness of death, they come to themselves? This is even greater folly than the lictor's.

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*The Blinking Cat.*

A grimalkin, with eyes half shut, sat mewing and squalling, when two rats seeing her a long way off, said to each other, "The old cat is becoming reformed; she is saying her prayers to-day; we can go out without fear." They had just left their hole, when puss made a spring and seized one of them, devouring him bones and all. The other jumped back to her fellows, saying, "I just said she had half shut her eyes, and was saying her prayers, and now would have a better heart, and act well; who'd have thought she would just then snap up one of us, not even leaving his skull!"

*Moral.*—Some will say prayers to do wickedness, and others do no wickedness even if they do not say prayers.

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*Beat him half Dead.*

A rich old man one day spoke to a covetous fellow, "I will give you a thousand taels, if you will let me beat you to death." The man thought a good while and replied, "Will you give me five hundred taels for beating me half dead?"

*Moral.*—Men brave the winds and waves for money, and often lose their lives, but I guess this man would not just hit it, and only be half killed.

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*Lacking Rice and a Bed.*

A poor man was boasting to a number of friends, "My family is is not so very rich, but I have all sorts of things in it;" and he began counting them over with his fingers, adding, "There is wanting only the imperial car and phenix chariot." "There are all kinds of eatables too, the only things wanting are a dragon's heart and a phenix's liver." A boy standing by, knitting his brow, rejoined, "There's no

bed in the house, for we sleep on a pallet of straw, and we did'nt have a kernel of rice to-day; and now you're telling these lies before the world." The man lifting up his eyes, added, "Very true, just so; I forgot; there's everything in the house we want, except a phenix's liver, a dragon's heart, some rice for supper, an imperial car, the phenix chariot, and a bed to sleep on."

*Moral.*—To be poor is not ridiculous, but to be poor and lie so about it is contemptible.

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*Brothers buying a Pair of Boots.*

Two brothers bought a pair of boots which it was agreed they should wear together. On bringing them home, the younger brother put them on and wore them every day, so that his elder brother had no part of the wear, with which he was not at all pleased, and so got up nights to wear them, going without sleep. The boots in a little while were quite worn out, when the younger said, "Let us buy a new pair of boots." The other, knitting his brow, said, "No, unless you will let me sleep nights; if I can sleep, you can do it."

*Moral.*—The proverb saith, "In a leaky ship, or on a lean horse, people all fare alike, and get no pity."

—

*A priestly Answer.*

A man once went to a temple to cast lots, and asked a Táu priest to divine for him. The priest said, "First lay down the money for the incense, and then the response will be good; but if there be no cash, the answer will not be at all to your liking."

*Moral.*—If people have no money, who will ever give them a merry answer?

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*Looking at an Album.*

A military man, dressed in cotton robes and boots, was visiting at a monastery, the priests of which did not observe much ceremony towards common men. The officer remarked to them, "I see everything is very meagre and poor in your establishment; if you lack the means for repairing and cleaning it up, you had better bring the temple album, and I will put down something for that purpose." The priest, much pleased, forthwith presented him with a dish of tea, and treated him with the utmost politeness. The visitor wrote in the album four large characters in a row, *tsungtuh pú-táng* (i. e. the governor-general's); the priest, seeing it was such a high dignitary traveling incognito, became alarmed and made his obeisance with bent knee. He then took up the pencil, and added underneath the title, *piáu-hiá tso ying kwán-ping* (i. e. lieutenant-general of the left division). The priest,

finding his guest was a soldier, became red with anger, and rose up from his knees. On seeing him add, *hí shí sánshih* (i. e. gladly contributes thirty), down he went again on his knees, supposing it would be thirty taels of silver; but when he saw him add *wan-tsién* (i. e. cash), he got up again from his knees, and turned his head away to hide his angry face at such niggardliness.

*Moral.*—At first he's no manners, because there's no money;  
 Then he's civil as pie when he scents out the honey;  
 Now he bows for fear of power,  
 Then he kneels for hope of more:  
 All men are pretty much like this.

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ART. IV. *Journal of Occurrences: resort to the temples; excitement in Canton relating to entering the city; assemblies of the people, and levy of volunteers.*

INVOCATION of the gods has been general during the last few weeks to preserve from danger. Dreading a collision between the English and their rulers, thousands of the people have resorted to the temple called Po-lo-miáu, 波羅廟 near the Second Bar pagoda, where there is a temple to *Hung-shing lá wang* 洪聖大王, the great king of vast sanctity, who is supposed to be able to preserve his devotees from danger by fire and flood. This temple lies not far from the river, and dates its foundation from the Ming dynasty, but we have been unable to learn to what the divinity owes his sanctity, and whence he was brought. It is supposed between twenty and thirty thousand persons have resorted to this temple during the past month.

The excitement among the citizens of Canton during the last six weeks in relation to the question of entering the city, has experienced many ebbs and flows, according to the nature of the rumors abroad. If we find among ourselves many unfounded rumors, which obtain some credence from being put into print, one sees here how much more society is harassed at such times as this by unfounded reports, and how great an advantage newspapers are over current rumor. The Chinese themselves seem to feel the want of some authentic channel of information, for the following notice points to the news-mongers as a troublesome set of people, who should be discountenanced.

(No. 1.) *Against spreading false rumors.*

It has been an axiom for generations, that if the officers are incorrupt the people are happy; and that if the people are happy, all things are peaceful: and it is agreeable to reason that under the whole heavens, the scholar, the husbandman, the artisan, and the merchant, should each follow their calling. Now our Canton manners display great extravagance. Wealth is esteemed an honor, and poverty is considered a disgrace. Furthermore, as it is natural to love ease, vagabonds hit upon a hundred schemes to kidnap and swindle. Carrying off men to exact a ransom is a common occurrence, and this inveterate practice is entirely owing to excessive prodigality. The year before last the rebellious barbarians entered our borders, and troubled the people. At this gods and men were alike indignant; and the militia were embodied for the purpose of guarding against injury. After quietness was restored, they ought to have dwelt quietly and attended to their business; but alas! in the end,



they all saw a painted cake (some imaginary advantage) and sought for a cause of war. Consequently robbers have become numerous, have formed into bands, and in threes and fives (i. e. indefinite numbers) disturb the whole place. When they are numerous, they cause fires, and then plunder: if they are few, they fitch and steal like rats and dogs. They insult their superiors, and tyrannize over the poor people; having no fear of the laws, they make pretexts for creating disturbances, and cases of robbery are numerous. Fortunately, owing to the blessing, benevolence, and kindness of the Emperor, the harvests have been abundant; and the populace relying on this, have morning and evening constantly obtained necessaries. But because evil men have joined the multitude, have spread false rumors, and hung up placards, those who scheme for gain, have taken the opportunity to lay their plans and fish for advantage; without considering that to collect [vagabonds] is easy, but to disperse them will be difficult, while the bands will daily become larger and larger. Should it be said it is for the advantage of the people, have not the respectable families already contributed their quota? Moreover, they do not consider that the effect of unsettling the minds of the people will be to cause the scholar to relinquish his books and study negligently, the husbandman to neglect sowing, the artisan will be disinclined to work, and it will be difficult for the merchant to trade freely; and they will wantonly cause a time of famine, when all persons will lose their means of subsistence; for these daily false rumors will alarm the villagers, and they will leave the crops on the ground: thus the price of rice will daily become higher. This is very detestable! It is not known where these agitators get their information; but the law distinctly forbids the circulation of false rumors which agitate the public. Should all this be done from interested motives, ought it to be tolerated? Whosoever hears these rumors, fortunate will it be for him, if he does not look upon them as realities; and those who spread them are truly the chief offenders against our established principles.—*China Mail.*

The following series of papers, probably only a portion of those issued, contains most of the proceedings of the people, and show better than any remarks of ours, their mode of independent action, when they suppose their rights are threatened, or public safety and honor are at stake. The first in order of time was issued by a private individual of the gentry, but what its effects were we do not know. His suggestions about the best mode of repelling the barbarians savor largely of classical learning.

(No. 2.) *Suggestions by a literary graduate.*

An independent scholar of the province of Kwangtung, being desirous of giving vent to the indignation of his country, respectfully communicates his opinions to his fellow-countrymen, in order that they may with one heart and united strength assist one another; and show thereby their gratitude for Imperial favors. The flesh-eating officers have hitherto connived at the disorderly conduct of the English banditti; and for five hundred years hence our people will, in consequence, continue to deplore it extremely. We now hear, that our high authorities have given them permission to enter into the city of Canton, which will affect very much the respectability of our country, and will still more disgrace the Chinese people. Hence, I now call upon the inhabitants and shopkeepers of the city of Canton to have prepared large quantities of boiling water and hot congee on the tops of their houses, so that, after the barbarians have entered the city, and their road back, together with that of their guides and the military, have been closed, they can, at the first beat of the gong, pour down the boiling water and hot congee on them. The military who take the barbarians into the city, are traitors to their country, and ought by all means to be entirely exterminated. The splendid Celestial Empire will thus preserve its respectability, and our deeds will descend with honor to our country's history, for the next thousand years; and thus it will be known that our country possessed men. Addressed to the eminent scholars of the Halls of Assembly. (Posted on the 11th February, 1849, at the public places in the neighborhood of the Foreign Factories.)—*China Mail.*

This document may, however, have had some effect in calling forth the more deliberate opinion and advice of the assembled body of tradesmen, to hold a meeting to consult on public affairs. This meeting was one of considerable character, and its proposal for a larger one at the Minglun Hall doubtless had some weight.

(No. 3.) *A Statement of the Tradesmen.*

The whole of our tradesmen, elders, and principals, will assemble in the public hall on the 10th instant to take into consideration the question of guarding against barbarians, for the preservation of our persons and property. We hear that on the 25th ultimo, the chieftain of the English barbarian troops invited his excellency, the governor, to an entertainment in the Bocca Tigris, when they must have brought forward some difficult points (which we consider his excellency could by no means have yielded; for how could he yield to barbarians, and oppose the people?) and as there has lately been talk of entering the city, they evidently have another purpose, which must be guarded against beforehand; for considering that the rebellious barbarians are always pregnant with some devilish project, and restless in the extreme, they will cause trouble in future. Now the multitude should assemble for consultation. Formerly, the whole of our tradesmen, merchants, and principals, decided in accordance with the old regulations to devote a portion of their rents to guard against barbarians, by selecting able-bodied men, and employing them for their protection. This, in our humble opinion, is an imperfect plan; and moreover, the daily expense would be enormous for days and months, and would shortly exhaust the whole of the subscriptions. Would not this be expending money to no purpose on an excellent enterprise? and commencing what could not be carried out, we should again be rendered ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners. The public are intreated to take this into serious consideration. Moreover the English barbarians are so very uncertain, that it is hard to say whether the troubles will come sooner or later; so that we can do nothing but consult and devise such measures, as that when the troubles arrive we may be prepared for them. Now we will assemble and arrange good measures; and have decided to meet in the public hall on the 10th instant, and arrange new regulations; and subscribe from our rents for the purpose of guarding against the barbarians.—Specially addressed to the tradesmen for their information. When the time comes, you ought to assemble in the public hall, and arrange everything securely. This is to give you timely notice. The statement of all the tradesmen.

Táukwáng, 29th year, 2d month, 13th day (Feb. 25th, 1849).—*China Mail.*

A similar document was issued by the headmen of the Kiú-yáu fáng, a district within the city, for the same purposes of protection, and not far from the same date. Such proceedings of the people are allowed by the government, and tend greatly to the preservation of good order.

(No. 4.) *The Declaration of the Kiú-yau-fáng.*

The vagabonds of all places have annoyed us. The three wards of Kiú-yáu-fáng are the principal thoroughfares in and out of the city, and truly it is to be feared that something will unexpectedly happen; therefore we ought to provide against misfortune. The shopkeepers of this part have exerted themselves to their utmost in subscribing for the public expenses, and have handed it over to the directors to keep it, that if there be disturbance it may instantly be expended in increasing the number of militia, that we may be protected. Thus the determinations of all will form a city in itself, and we shall be preserved from misfortune, and each quietly pursue his avocation. This is respectfully published for general information. All shopkeepers must have bamboo military hats and wooden clubs, that in the event of a disturbance, if the vagabonds be numerous, they may seize their weapons and turn out to guard against injury. As soon as you hear the sound of the conch, the said militia must beat the gong, and the shopkeepers should sally out in a body, and with united effort assist. If the vagabonds enter our borders, the watch-

men will immediately shut [the gates], the militia sound the gong, and the shopkeepers rush out and together seize them. If the vagabonds come at night, the watchmen must immediately alarm the shopkeepers, that they with united effort capture them. If robbers come and rob in broad daylight, the shopkeepers must sally forth and assist the militia in apprehending and sending them to justice. The above rules are publicly established by our ward, and we hope that all will assist in cutting off their retreat. A public declaration of all the residents in Kiú-yáu-fáng.—*China Mail*.

The gentry too were not idle, for they are the leaders in most popular movements, and about the same time with the tradesmen issued a notice for the people to prepare themselves in case they were needed. From a perusal of papers Nos. 3 and 4, it will be seen that the question of entering the city gates was not the only one which induced these extraordinary exertions, but that the great number of needy, reckless, vagabonds, whom the rumor of expected troubles had attracted to the city, required immediate measures of protection.

(No. 5.) *A Public Declaration.*

Last year we received orders from the high officers, commanding us to instruct the tradesmen and inhabitants of the city and its suburbs to assemble according to their wards, and subscribe money to be laid out by their headmen, that they might be prepared for troublesome times; and to furnish able bodied men in numbers proportionate to the importance of their shops, &c., &c.: we accordingly exhorted the streets to decide on regulations, and sent in a report through the gentry. But as the place is extensive, and a year has elapsed since then, and it is also to be feared that the tradesmen of the wards look on [without doing anything else], we have again received orders from the high officers, instructing us again earnestly to exhort them to preserve their property in accordance with the last year's regulations. As before, let our wards quickly subscribe and lay up money to be managed by themselves, that if they meet with troubles from robbers, they may be secure against calamity: and let their headmen draw up a statement of the rules agreed upon, for the information of the gentry, that they may report thereon. We earnestly intreat all to increase their exertions; and urgently beg you not to make a bad return for the excellent designs which the high officers entertain on account of the people. This is published for general information. A public declaration of the gentry.

Trade had nearly ceased amidst these gloomy anticipations, and the dealers in woolen and cotton goods held meetings to consult upon what was best to be done. The guild of drapers came to the following resolutions.

(No. 6.) *Resolutions of the dealers in woolen goods.*

We know that those near (natives) should be pleased with those from a distance, and that in trade there should be mutual deference and concord; this society will be at peace (*lit.* the rivers will be smooth, the seas calm), and commodities will readily circulate.

We the dealers in woollens, in our purchases with foreigners, in order to send the goods into other provinces, formerly never had any trouble with them; but since the year 1840, when the English stirred up commotion, the trade of every firm has been growing less, and during these years, who has heard of any one making more than a mere pittance of gain?

Just now we have heard of the strange and foolish anxiety of the English about entering the city; but for several hundred years no one ever heard about foreigners entering the city; but men of all nations quietly attended to their own business, and natives and foreigners dwelt in harmony. The English having suddenly taken up this idea, the minds of men are disturbed, alarmed, and unsettled. Traders now in Canton will soon return home, and those in the country hearing the rumor will not come here, so that goods will find no vent anywhere: moreover, if any thing unexpected happens, we ourselves will have no secure place for our goods. Wherefore, we of this line of business have consulted and decided to suspend business with foreigners for

a while, not permitting any one privately to purchase woollens of them, or to frequent the auctions in the bongs and bid for them; we certainly hope for united purpose in the hearts of all, whereby the first zeal of our minds will be fully seen. Can we not make our garments out of our own elegant silks and native cottons, and must we use the camlets and long ells from abroad? When the foreigners desist from their determination to enter the city, will we trade with them as before, and then every kind of business will thrive, and the profit of all be illimitable.

The articles of our agreement are as follows:—I. None of our guilds or shops will buy goods of the foreigners. II. None of our guilds or shops will receive or buy goods of the shopmen or compradors in the factories. III. None of us will go to the auctions in the foreign factories. IV. None of us will receive piece-goods of the outside shopmen and traders. V. None of us will surreptitiously employ one to go to any of the traders and receive foreign goods. VI. None of us will trade secretly through the shopmen.

These six articles shall form the rules of our establishment, and be carefully observed, and whosoever recklessly disregards them, shall be mulcted 400 taels, and the informant thereof shall be paid 200 taels out of the consoo money; and any clerk or person in the employ knowing this fact, and not reporting it, shall be dismissed.

VII. If any native broker deals with the brokers near the factories purchasing foreign goods, we will never more deal with him. VIII. If any trader near the factories buys and sells the goods to native dealers, we will never more have dealings with him. IX. If any trader inside or outside of the city goes to the auctions hops in the factories, and bids for goods, we will never more trade with him.

The first day of each month every shopman will go to the assembly hall, with a copy of these articles to refresh his memory, and strengthen his determination. February 28th, 1849.

The dealers in cotton yarn issued a paper of rules of much the same tenor, and in all these principal articles of import there has since the day fixed upon, been very little trade. One dealer who ventured to transgress was taken into custody.

A circular was issued to the gentry to assemble at the Minglun hall, at which these five things were to be consulted upon. It is impossible to learn the character and number of the shopkeepers who signed this call, but from its general tenor we think it had little influence.

(No. 7.) *Call for a meeting of the Gentry.*

For the Elders and Gentry throughout the province now to come forward with celerity in behalf of the people and of the empire, is truly an excellent and praiseworthy enterprize; especially when we reflect that the disposition of the barbarians is to inroach upon the rights of others; void of faith, they stand in awe of power, but are ungrateful for favors. If we vainly contend by talking (employ the mouth and the tongue only), and do not eject them with the strong hand, we certainly can not succeed in our undertaking; and we desire those who have the direction of affairs to weigh well our reasoning.

We now propose that the barbarians be held responsible for several things, which are as follows:—1st, That they be required to re-open Green-pea Street (Hog-lane), allowing travelers to pass and repass as of old. 2d, That they be required to restore the two custom-house stations in front of the factories. 3d, That the barbarian murderers, Compton and others, who on a former occasion, and at different times, wounded and killed men, be delivered up and brought out to the thirteen factories and punished. 4th, That henceforth they shall not be allowed to presume to bring their barbarian men-of-war into the Canton river, and all vessels entering the Bogue, shall first deliver up their cannon and weapons of war. 5th, That they make indemnity (no matter how small) for the spiking our cannon on a former occasion. The foregoing five items are merely in conformity with the Treaty, and are not unreasonably oppressive demands: if they are unwilling to comply with them, then we simply have to make a grand effort to exterminate or drive them away, in order that the majesty of the Central Kingdom may be manifested. We, the shopkeepers of all the province, mittedly request the respectable Gentry resident in this city, to convene at the Minglun hall, and publicly deliberate hereon. Issued on March 6th, 1849.—*China Mail.*

The meeting at the Minglun Hall was not so enthusiastic as some parties had desired, and decidedly took the side of order and non-interference in the plans of government. The effect of its manifesto was soon apparent in the subsidence of the excitement among the populace.

(No. 8.) *Proceedings at the Minglun Hall, 19th March, 1849.*

Careful deliberations upon most important foreign affairs.

The high officers of government having requested the Imperial pleasure how to manage these matters, it is manifestly right that, for the time being, we quietly wait. As to the five things for which the different shops have proposed to hold the foreigners responsible, they are most judicious and in the highest degree just and proper. When the reply of the Board of War shall be received, we shall see how to manage, and will again publicly petition the high authorities to point out the course to be pursued. We specially and urgently enjoin it upon the said shopkeepers also that they ought diligently to discipline the [volunteer] militia of their streets, and wait till called upon to be employed, and that certainly it will not answer hastily to become remiss, because, perchance, the foreigners have not yet moved. Canton, 16th March, 1849.

While the guilds and the gentry were expressing their opinions, the people had begun to levy and equip volunteers in their several neighborhoods, and the streets were adorned with placards, and filled with knots of people reading them. The resolutions of the headmen of the street Tâisün expresses pretty well their general purport.

(No. 9.) *Resolutions of the Street Tâisün.*

In times of change, if men be of one heart and unite their strength, they shall escape calamity. Yet must their preparations, their levying of troops, and storing of provisions, be conducted on proper principles. Now therefore we set forth our regulations against the barbarians and against thieves. 1. Every shop will contribute a month's rent beforehand to meet expenses. 2. The large shops shall provide three stout fellows, the second class two, and the smaller shops one. 3. On the occurrence of danger, the gong shall be sounded. The soldiers shall come forth at the sound, and the gates in front and in rear be shut. 4. Those who are wounded in fight shall have for doctor's expenses, \$50. Those who fall shall be well buried, and their families shall have \$150, while they will be sacrificed to in the temple of "the Righteous and Brave."

A hero new to fame, Shû Siángkwáng, has made himself conspicuous in drilling the volunteers raised in Canton and the neighboring towns, whose numbers are not certainly known. The following letter and reply will show that the animosity and public spirit is such as to induce the people of Fatshán to make great exertions to repel the invaders, as they deem them, of their rights.

(No. 10.) *Report from Fatshan.*

Sir, You now having received the appointment by the high officers to manage the business with the foreigners as commander-in-chief of the [volunteer] militia, we have respectfully to state that we are situated so far from the provincial city that we are not fully informed whether the position of affairs is serious or not, but the whole town is united in mind and strength, and we bind ourselves by our oaths that we will publicly rush forth [to your assistance] The partners of the shops in our town have chosen upwards of eight and twenty thousand able bodied men who are ready and waiting to be employed, and on the receipt of your notice of an alarm, as behooves us, we will instantly, in succession, lead them forth to oppose the foe, "chanting railing for railing," absolutely without mistake, and without delay. We apprise you beforehand, and trust you will examine accordingly, and supply what we omit to express. (Signed) Elders and Gentry of the Town of Fatshán. To Shû Siángkwáng, Commander-in-chief of the volunteers.

Respectful reply. I have now received the esteemed favors of the honorable towns (of Fuhshán, Shihlung, Shihcháu, Tsintsun, Síman, and Kiáng-

mun,) and have perused and fully understood them. The spirit of the faithful braves appears on the face of your communications, sufficiently to manifest, that you, gentlemen of distinction of the different towns, have always the means of affording instruction and pointing out the way, so that the common people who buy and sell about the wells and market-places are all able to understand perfectly the duties of their stations, [so that you] command the constant respects of men, and the high officers of government hearing of it, as also is right, cease not to praise you. Moreover, can the silly barbarian rebels but lose their courage when they hear the rumor thereof?

But now the rebel barbarians have not yet moved, we ought simply respectfully to wait for the officers of government to point out what means should be adopted. If hereafter there be an alarm, on the report reaching your honorable towns, it will certainly not answer for you all to come forth, it will be necessary that one half remain to guard the borders of your towns, and one half come to the assistance of the walled town of the province, so that while you are looking out for this city, you may not sustain injury yourselves, which is most important. I therefore on this account forward this reply, and pray you to examine accordingly, &c. (Signed) Shú Siangk'wang.

(About the 16th March, 1849).

What number of volunteers have come forward can not be easily ascertained, but the number mentioned in the following is not perhaps greatly exaggerated. It will be seen that this, as well as many others of these papers, is either anonymous, or signed by a number of persons.

(No. 11.) *Joint resolution of the Soldiery.*

It is an old adage, "when the water is level it does not flow, when men are just they do not speak (back)."

We have heard recently that the barbarians have repeatedly desired to enter the city, throwing it into confusion, but fortunately their excellencies, the different high officers of government, have issued their edicts to unite together the able bodied braves (regulars and volunteers) to surround and guard it. We have now a multitude of several tens of myriads [of regular troops], beside a countless number of brave soldiers collected and drilled, from the different shops. If the barbarians *once move*, then let the gongs be beat in every place, and united in mind and strength, at one beat of the drum we will take them, and absolutely kill every one of the barbarian rebels, and not leave a spire of grass an inch high, nor allow the creepers to spread. Disseminate these sentiments in every place, and let each, as is befitting, come forth with alacrity. This is our hope.

Joint resolution of all the Soldiery.

Placards like the following are common, but their influence and circulation are very little, and we introduce one to show their character, rather than for any bearing it has upon the general subject.

(No. 12.) *Prophecy upon the governor's conduct.*

The barbarians crazily think to enter the emperor's city, but this governor is not the sort of man the old one Kíying was. He acts for the government, destitute of selfishness, a faithful and devoted servant of the crown, and hitherto has had the reputation of loving the people as his children. He has beforehand laid his plans utterly to annihilate the foreigners; he early determined to exert himself for his Prince, and to report victory to his imperial Majesty. When once he sets in motion the bold and enterprising soldiers from the four points of the compass, he will take the English rebels and level them utterly at one sweep.

One who predicts what will be sung hereafter.

The excitement has now nearly died away, and every one is waiting for the emperor's rescript. The presence of war steamers and troops opposite the factories has had little effect one way or another, and the people are settling down quietly. Processions of the volunteers took place every night for about a fortnight, conducted with the utmost quietness and good humor, and afforded people no little entertainment in the way of sight seeing.









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